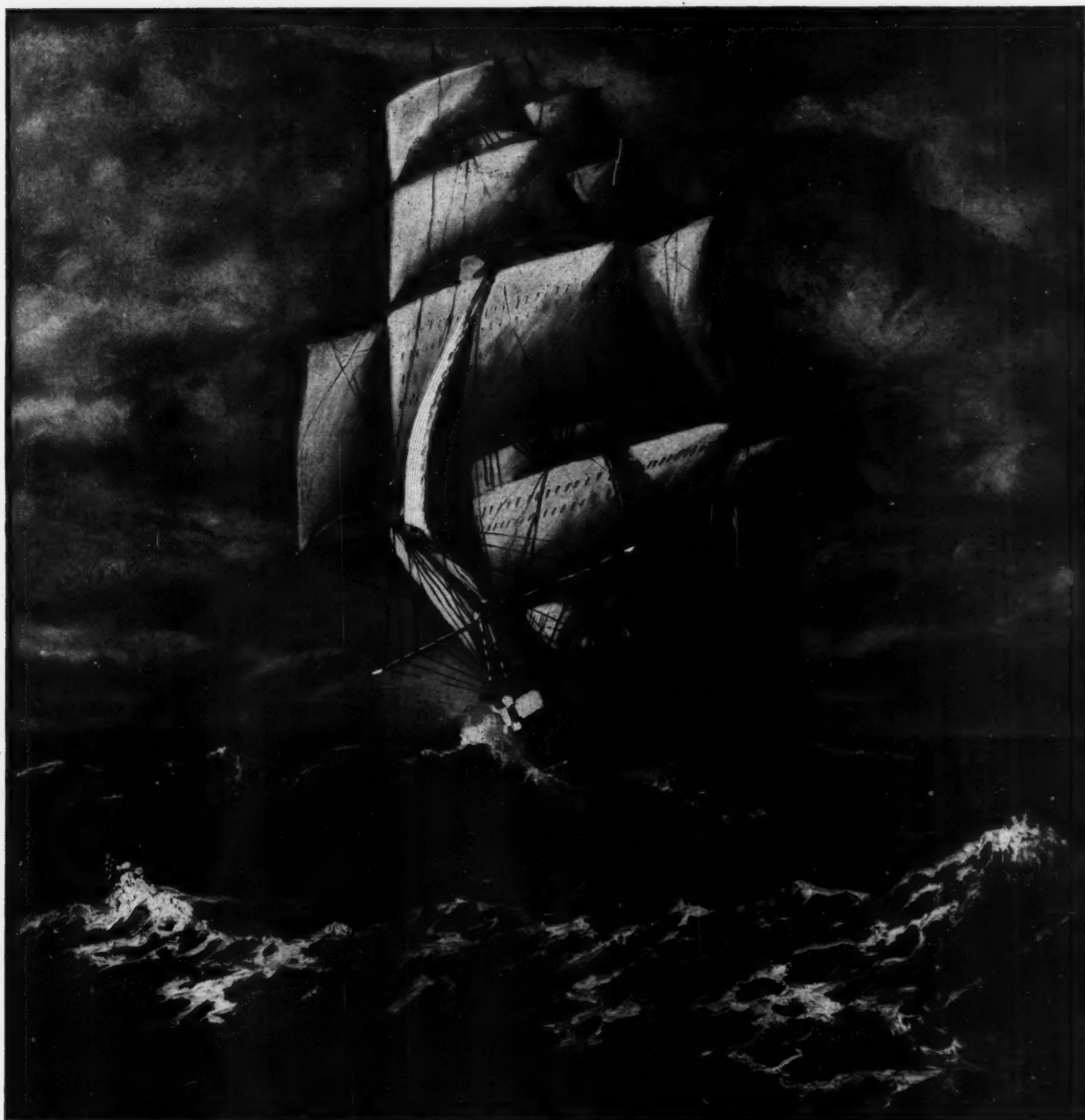


Hundredth Year

January 7, 1926

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



"AND HIS NAME WAS JONES—" PAGE 7

J. CALVIN COOLIDGE'S LETTER TO WILLIAM P DILLINGHAM

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THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 1



The State House, Boston, Massachusetts



Calvin Coolidge,
Twenty-ninth President
of the United States



Executive Offices and White House, Washington

On the Way to the Presidency

By EDWARD ELWELL WHITING

CALVIN COOLIDGE is now President of the United States. The story of his progress has been told by many writers. There is one chapter of his life which has never, so far as I know, hitherto been printed. It deals with the time when he was making his first step into the world of work. It deals with what was to him a disappointment. Every boy, setting out on the path of life, meets disappointments. Character overcomes them. The case of Calvin Coolidge may stand to encourage youth.

Calvin Coolidge is a Vermonter. He had in youth, and he still has, a keen love for that state. When he came forth from Amherst College in June, 1895, his eyes turned toward Vermont. He wanted to start his life work there. It was home to him.

Young Coolidge had studied hard at Amherst. He was graduated *cum laude*. It was his choice to learn and practice law. It was his intention to do this in Montpelier, Vt. The thought of the Presidency of the United States was not then in his mind except as it may be in the mind of any earnest young American. What he had determined to do was to work hard and succeed in his profession. He selected Montpelier because he knew his state.

Chance intervened. Chance turned him aside from Vermont and sent him instead to Northampton, Mass. It was through politics in Massachusetts that he has risen to become President of the United States.

July 4, 1895, was Calvin Coolidge's twenty-third birthday anniversary. On August 30, 1895, he wrote this letter to William P. Dillingham, then a lawyer of Montpelier, and later a Senator of the United States:

Hon. William Dillingham,
Montpelier, Vermont.

Dear Sir:—

If I could get into a good office, I am thinking of reading there for some time, and perhaps finishing my preparation for the law, rather than going to a Law School. Is there a vacancy with your firm?

If there is any hope of your considering the proposition favorably, I should be pleased to go up to the city to talk with you, or you can advise me by mail as to the terms you would make, if you ever bother with students. I am just out of college and am somewhat undecided between the school and office; can you give me any suggestions?

Could you take me after I had spent some time, say a year or two, in a school?

Truly yours,

J. CALVIN COOLIDGE
Plymouth
Vermont

Saco, Maine, Aug. 30, '95

Mr. Coolidge had been christened John Calvin Coolidge. He had early abbreviated the John to the initial J. Soon after the date of this letter the initial J was dropped. Throughout his political career he has been simply Calvin Coolidge. This letter, now reproduced, I think, for the first time in print, was Calvin Coolidge's first definite step to establish himself in the world.

He returned to Vermont from his stay at Saco, Me., and waited for a reply to his letter to Mr. Dillingham. None came. He grew tired of waiting.

What had happened was this: Mr. Dillingham was away from Montpelier when young Coolidge's letter was delivered to his office. He was over in Bennington County trying a law case which continued several weeks. It was October when he at last

received the letter and replied to it. Here come the "ifs":

If Mr. Dillingham had been at home in Montpelier early in September, he would have replied favorably to the Coolidge letter and would have taken the young man into his law office.

If Calvin Coolidge had been content to let time slip away, he would have waited until he heard from Mr. Dillingham in October and so, again, would have entered the Dillingham office.

If either of these things had been so, Calvin Coolidge would have begun life as a Vermont lawyer.

He did not wait overlong to hear from Mr. Dillingham. On September 23 he entered the law office of Hammond & Field at Northampton, Mass., and there began

the study of law. Thus he was firmly established when, in the middle of October, he received a reply to his letter of August 30. He then wrote to Mr. Dillingham this letter—also now published, I think, for the first time:

HAMMOND & FIELD

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,

J. C. HAMMOND HENRY P. FIELD
Northampton, Mass., Oct. 19, 1895

Hon. W. P. Dillingham,
Montpelier,
Vermont.

Dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you for your kind letter to me. I had noted some little delay, but knew you too well to think it arose from anything like discourtesy on your part.

You see I am settled for the present. I should, perhaps, prefer Vermont, but I could not better my place any where else out of the shadow of the Green hills.

Thanking you again for your kindly interest I am,

Very respectfully,

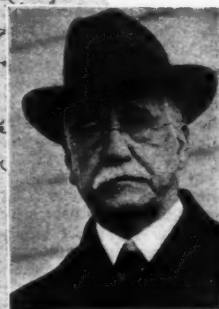
J. CALVIN COOLIDGE

So Coolidge's life was cast in Massachusetts rather than Vermont. On July 2, 1897, he was admitted to the bar. He was anchored to Massachusetts. In 1899 he was elected to the Northampton City Council. He had taken a definite step into public life in Massachusetts.

What would have been Mr. Coolidge's career if he had gone to the law office of Mr. Dillingham in Vermont instead of to that of Hammond & Field in Northampton? There is no answer to the question except this: he would have made the most of his opportunities in Vermont, as he made the most of those in Massachusetts.

Mr. William P. Dillingham was a man of high character, large ability and political eminence. On October 18, 1900, he was elected to the United States Senate. He continued in that office with credit to his state and giving valuable service to the nation until his death on July 12, 1923. With such a man Calvin Coolidge would have been associated in the formative portions of his professional career.

When Calvin Coolidge's letter to Mr. Dillingham in the late summer of 1895 failed to produce the result he had counted upon, he wasted no time in thinking that his plans had gone awry. An opportunity having evaded him, he simply seized another. Chance takes a hand in the affairs of all men. Strong character utilizes all chances for progress.



The last page of the letter to Mr. Dillingham. At left: Mr. Coolidge in 1895.
At right: Mr. William P. Dillingham

A Sea-Island Boy's Conscience

By

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

Dickie was benumbed with the cold. He moved to the nearest little fire

THE government contractors engaged on the big jetties at the mouth of the Savannah River long carried on a "mat camp" at Mattress Island, one of the larger sea islands on the Carolina coast down by the Georgia corner. Here were four hundred negroes, under half a dozen white foremen, cutting brush and weaving it into mattresses, which after being piled on to barges were towed to wherever they might be needed.

There were several of these camps along that coast, and not a little business was done at these by sharp traders, particularly by those who established "commissaries" and sold needful supplies to the negroes—hominy, rice, flour, sugar, coffee, bacon, tobacco, whiskey, and what not.

The "commissary" or store at Mattress Island was run by a huge white man, "Big Dan," who was generally held to be the proper man to look after a "commissary." That meant that he had strength and courage to meet any ordinary demand, and was sufficiently flexible in his dealings.

Big Dan's sole helper was a fourteen-year-old boy, Dickie Skelton, a wiry little fellow, noted mostly for his obliging ways, for his eagerness to return favors, and for rather honest habits in weighing and measuring of rations.

It was the night of a warm October day, and Dickie had been awaiting for some time his employer's order to shut up shop. But Big Dan was not in the store. He had gone to the contractor's usually deserted office a quarter of an hour earlier, and was there engaged in talk with somebody—Dickie knew not whom. The office door was closed, and that quite puzzled the boy. He could see it through the window, and he sat on the counter watching it curiously.

Suddenly the door opened. "Dickie!" came Dan's strong voice.

"Yes, sir," and Dickie jumped off the counter.

"Come here, Dickie," and Dickie went. The office was in darkness, but the boy could dimly make out a figure behind Big Dan's.

"Dickie," said his employer. "This is Mr. Endell, the new engineer of the Harper—she's just got in."

"And didn't Mr. Dayton come!" cried the boy in disappointment. Mr. Dayton was the paymaster, and he was always so amiable to the obliging boy that Dickie regarded him quite affectionately.

"Shut up—don't talk so loud," said Big Dan. "Nobody knows the Harper is in the creek below yonder. Mr. Dayton will sleep aboard. He will come ashore in the morning. Now I don't want you to go to your regular sleepin' place tonight. I'll tell you why. 'Long 'bout twelve 'clock we-uns'll go on down t' see Mister Endell aboard—in a quiet way—mind, quiet like—and tote this yer grip down—an' leave it ther'. Ther's been a mistake—Mister Endell done fetched away the wrong grip—you understand—it's goin' to be somethin' int'restin'."

"Tonight? We're going to the tug? What's—"

"Now don't go askin' no fool questions. You know me, Dickie?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. You an' me air goin' off on a

little night trip. 'Member the day we chased the little 'gaters in the march?"

"Uh-huh, chased 'em into their holes with axes."

"Uh-huh. Well, chasin' 'gaters hain't nothin' to this yer t'night. Now, you better take a lie-down now, an' I'll wake you when it's time. You needn't to shut the store—I'll do that. You can go and lay on th' croker sacks."

Dickie lay down on the pile of sacks beneath the counter, and he had the out-door boy's trick of falling asleep as soon as he felt a bed under him. He awoke with Big Dan's hand on his arm. Dickie sprang up. He noticed instantly that all the shutters of the store were closed and it was very dark. "Come—don't make no noise," whispered Big Dan, who then wrapped some cloth around the lantern he held and unlocked the door. It was about midnight, as Dickie knew by the set of the stars of the Big Dipper.

Big Dan led him around the negroes' huts, keeping close to the edge of the clearing generally, and avoiding every hut and smouldering supper-fire. It amazed Dickie that the big man should seem so anxious to escape observation. But when they struck the road on the other side of the camp Big Dan freed the lantern and swung on boldly.

A short, sharp walk—ten minutes—brought them to the creek landing. They climbed on to a barge-load of brush, and Big Dan called "O-o-h-e-e."

"O-o-h-e-e," came from almost under their feet. A man in a bateau popped from under the shadow of the barge, and spoke. "Drop down, Dan. Swing off by the skids—careful now—all right?"

"Drop down, Dickie," said Big Dan. "All right. Where's the Harper?"

"Just down the crick. Dayton wanted to sleep nearer the salt water—count of the meskeeters, you know. It ain't far—'bout five minutes' rowing."

"How do the chances look?"

"Nice. He's asleep. Bag's in the old iron box right under the air-shutters, and I've got the key of it here."

"That's good—but couldn't you get the door-key?"

"No. It was jest as I thought 'twas going to be. He never lets go the door-key when there's money inside—sleeps with it. But them air-shutters is fixed—all ready to lift off. That boy of your'n can get in easy."

"That's good—we'll fix it."

The other man—Dickie knew him now for Endell, the new engineer of the Harper—rowed the bateau noiselessly downstream. They soon made out the Harper, swinging to a pile at the mouth of the creek.

It was a silent business, the getting aboard. Endell and Dan spoke but few words, and those were in careful whispers. Dickie felt himself freezing up; he was beginning to suspect that robbery of the paymaster was intended.

Big Dan took off his boots, and, telling Dickie to take off his, led the way over the rail. He made fast the painter, then took the lantern and bag from Endell.

"After me now, and still's a ghost," ordered Dan. They climbed the ladder to the top of the "house" of the tug. "Now walk like you was a cat an' foller me."

Dickie crept up close.

"See these yer little shutters? Them slips off—there—see—feel. Squeeze through there now—jest room, Dickie—lucky you's pretty slim. Go on—what is it?—go ahead."

"I don't think I can," faltered Dickie.

"Don't think you can! I know you can. Get through or I'll jam you through—an' don't make no noise. There, you're most through now. Feel down with your toes when you get inside an' you'll fetch up ag'in the top of a iron box—now you've got it. Yer's the key of the box. Take the lantern an' look for the key-hole. All right. Open it an' gimme the bag outer it. Quick—gimme—quick—"

"But, Mister Dan, I don't like to. It ain't right—it—" Still he unlocked the box and lifted out the bag.

"Quit yo' silly talk and gimme the bag—what you s'pose I care what you think?"

"But ain't it Mister Dayton's bag? You mustn't, Mister Dan. I don't mind some things down the commissary, but you oughtn't to ask—to make me steal from Mister Dayton. It ain't right—he used me good—Mister Dan, please—"

"Look yer—you know what I carries in my coat pocket?"

"Yes, sir," chattered Dickie at the allusion to Dan's revolver.

"Then hand out that bag an' put this other one in its place. I'll blow off yo' head and then anybody else's what comes yer now—Dayton's or anybody's. Now pass up that grip."

In the light of the lantern poor Dickie

noticed that Mr. Dayton's bag was like that which Endell had brought to the office, especially in the matter of an odd-looking shipping tag sealed over the lock. The weight must be about the same. An idea struck Dickie—he might pass back to Dan the bag Dan was offering him. Very cunningly he said, "Did you say to swap bags, Mister Dan?"

"I reckon that's about what I said"—the tone was very dry. "But I'll do the swappin' myself. You pass that out an' I'll hand this in. That's right—now yer's yo' bag. Put it back now and lock the safe. Don't make no sound now—I done heard you befo'—turn the key easy."

The last sentence gave Dickie another idea. He might leave the box open and somehow come back with Mr. Dayton's bag and put it back where it belonged. So he pushed in the false bag, turned the knob, but did not turn the key. He waited a moment before putting his head out, and then asked, "Didn't hear me then?"

"Fine—didn't hear a squeak. Come out. Easy again—there y'are."

Down the ladder they stole. Endell was waiting in the bateau. Big Dan whispered a hoarse "All right," and Endell rowed upstream. No word was spoken until they reached the side of the barge. Here Dan handed Endell the key. "You c'n put it back now without trouble?"

"I reckon so—ain't afraid of that much so long's we got the stuff. Where'll I meet you tomorrow?"

"Better not come 'round till Dayton's done found it out an' things is kinder settled. I don't expect he'll notice till he opens the bag at the super's office."

"No—reckon not—it'll be kinder lively then, hey, Dan? I'll be up long about noon. I'd better be getting back now and 'tend to this key."

"That's right—come on, Dickie."

They hurried back now on the path to camp.

Instead of keeping straight on to camp Big Dan turned out about mid-way. A dozen steps into the woods and he came to the ruins of a burned cabin. Only a chimney was left standing.

"Look sharp yer, Dickie, and move some of these bricks. I expect ther's likely to be some lookin' 'round and 'vestigatin' ter-morrer, and this bag won't be the healthiest thing to have lyin' 'round. There now, that's deep enough—pile 'em up ag'in." They left the bag of money barely hidden by bricks.

As they went out Dan looked around. "You c'n tell this place," he said, "'cause ther's that queer tree—the pine—and ther's that ol' well—the two t'gether. I might want to send you for the bag. But come along now."

They took to the path again. Arriving at the edge of the camp-clearing, Dan took Dickie by the arm and lowered his face so that even in the dark the boy could see his eyes shine. "Dickie, you know me. You know better than to go speakin' 'bout this to anybody. I know you wouldn't turn on me anyway—of course. I'm trustin' you, Dickie, when I wouldn't trust nobody else on earth—not Endell. I wouldn't leave the money to him. You're square, Dickie, an'



you'll keep yo' mouth shet. If they knowed it I'd go to jail—an' so would you, Dickie, so would you, jest the same's me. Go to bed now and be car'ful not to wake nobody up. I'll go over to my place. Turn in now—go ahead—I'm goin' to."

They parted. Dickie watched Big Dan make off toward the commissary. Then he, himself, headed for the coquina cabin, where he usually bunked with the foremen's gang. It was all darkness when he halted before it.

Dickie was benumbed with the cold. Only then did he notice his feet were bare. He had left his shoes in the bateau. He moved to the nearest little fire and poked it into a blaze. He drew up a log to dry his wet feet.

Then he began to think. His memory went back to the time when Big Dan had taken him in, a homeless boy. Since then the big man had been his protector. To be sure, Big Dan had kicked him and cuffed him in anger and drink and still swore at him regularly, but then Big Dan allowed nobody else to cuff him or swear at him, and Dan saw to it, too, that the negroes of the camp treated him with respect. But tonight—this stealing from Mr. Dayton! Never before in his life had he stolen. And from a friend, too! Dickie recalled how kindly Mr. Dayton had always treated him. The only good books he had were given him by Mr. Dayton—Oliver Twist, Treasure Island, Monte Cristo—such stories!—he had worn the covers out.

But—Big Dan? It was only fair to stick to Big Dan. Big Dan trusted him. Big Dan thought him "square." Could he go back on Big Dan? Dickie shivered and poked the fire again.

But Mr. Dayton would lose the money. It must be the pay-roll money in that bag—the pay of four hundred hands for two weeks. Mr. Dayton would lose the money. And be disgraced too! To men like Mr. Dayton that was worse than losing the money. Some people would say it was never stolen—only a trick; Dickie had heard of such things.

Dickie's mind was suddenly made up. He jumped from the fire and fled back down the path like a hare. He found the queer-looking tree and the ruins of the cabin. He tore into the pile of bricks.

The bag was there. He wrenched it out and flew down the path to where the ferry bateau was always tied up when not in use. Dickie jumped in. He pulled down the stream feverishly.

It was back-breaking work, he soon found. The bateau was clumsy and heavy, and the oars were a match for it. After twenty strokes, Dickie found his breath coming in deep, straining sobs; after a hundred, he was dizzy. There was no good foot-rest in the bateau, and he could not brace himself properly for each stroke. He "caught crabs." One of the heavy oars would get away from him and fling itself out of the water like a live thing. Then the blade would fall again with a splash, while Dickie would find himself wrenched around sideways on the seat or actually thrown backwards into the bottom of the boat.

What had been five or six minutes' easy row for Endell proved to be a long half-mile for him. The old adage, "More haste less speed," occurred to Dickie at last, and he paused for breath, gulping air deep into his lungs. He listened carefully. No sound came from the shore. He resumed rowing with a shorter stroke, and slower, giving the heavy bateau time to run forward with the tide between each pull at the oars. The thole pins squeaked a great deal, and he splashed them craftily with water. He dipped the oars noiselessly. Now the tug loomed ahead of him. Pulling with one oar and backing

with the other, he managed to round up alongside.

No sound on board. Dickie took hold of a ringbolt at the stern and waited. It had been alarming enough to board the Harper in company with Big Dan and Endell. It was terrifying to do so alone. Dickie mustered up all his courage. There was no threat of a revolver, now; but the silence and stillness were still worse. He took a long

pieces of brass burst open on the box. Mr. Dayton turned, and Dickie cowered again.

"Dickie!"

"Yes, sir."

"What does all this mean?"

"It's in the safe—the money—no, need of the key—it's open."

"Open? Sure enough. What! Another bag—my bag! Where's the other? We'll

"M-m-m. So close! I'll tend to Endell. And Big Dan?"

"You said you wouldn't touch him."

"I won't. But I'll have to warn him."

"But not hurt him?"

"No. I promised. You're his friend, and because he's been halfway good to you I won't. But, Dickie, you can't go back to Big Dan."

"No, sir. I'd be scart."

"I should say. Hello. Hear that paddling? It is somebody going off with the bateau—Endell, I expect. He's been listening. Let him go—it's the best way to get rid of him. He won't be back in a hurry. You're a good boy, Dickie, and, you trust me, you'll never forget tonight."

Mr. Dayton had Dickie in the cabin for the rest of that night, and he drew from the poor boy the whole story of his cheerless life.

Into the tail end of the story at dawn there came the chant of a tuneful voice forward.

"Hear that, Dickie? That's our cook singing. It means that soon we shall have breakfast. We'll wash up now. Here's soap, there's a towel, and the creek is full of water. Look there—out past the point—out to sea. The sun is rising. Yes, he is coming up like a new life—like yours, Dickie. What do you say? Will you try it with me?"

Dickie was quiet for a moment. A boy's confidence is never won in a moment. Mr. Dayton waited courteously for him to speak, not trying to hurry his decision. He knew that the boy was thinking of his old, happy life with Big Dan. He would have thought less, perhaps, of Dickie if he had made up his mind in a flash.

"I'd go anywhere with you, Mr. Dayton," said Dickie at last, "only Dan must be safe."

Now it was the paymaster's turn to pause. Dickie was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. Dickie's evidence

would convict Big Dan of a cowardly theft. But Mr. Dayton was not there to punish the storekeeper.

"Dan is safe from me, Dickie," he said. "Suppose we say that you saved him. He'll catch it yet, unless he mends his ways—and this night's work will be a lesson to him, when he sees how much he lost by it. But we two, Dickie, you and I together, so far as our work will let us—we'll see if we can't make something of the puzzles of life. You'll come, Dickie? Yes? I knew it. And now, Dickie, to breakfast by way of a start."

It was a marvelously cheerful breakfast that Dickie had with his protector in the galley of the tug. But not more cheerful than a hundred others he has had there since, and not more cheerful than hundreds of others he expects to have there, yet, for Mr. Dayton uses the Harper regularly in his trips among the camps of the sea islands, and Dickie is his valued assistant and companion.

NEXT WEEK

THE DEFEAT OF ALPHONSO

A Short Story by H. L. Mencken

and

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

As remembered by Loren Palmer



"After me now, and still's a ghost," ordered Dan. "Now walk like you was a cat an' foller me"

breath, dug his nails into the palms of his hands and stood up, grasping the top of the low rail. He dropped the painter of the bateau over it, made fast and climbed after it as soundlessly as had Big Dan before. He crept up the ladder, tiptoed across the house and squirmed through the ventilating window. Beneath him he felt the top of the iron box. He scraped down the side until he felt the knob. He swung back the door, which he had left unlocked by some blind inspiration. He exchanged bags, shut the door and climbed out again.

Dickie was backing down the ladder, but he stopped on the lowest rung, thinking he heard some one breathe in the darkness. He slipped forward to where the boat's painter should be. It was very dark—it must be farther forward. He felt for the cleat under the rail—failed to find it—stood up—and then—a big strong arm closed around him.

A strong hand wrenched the bag away, he was lifted off his feet and pinned against the side of the house. He heard the bag drop on the deck. He heard a key turn in the lock. A door opened beside him, and he was thrust through the opening. He heard the man pick up the bag and step inside. The door was slammed to, and then he heard it bolted. A match was struck, a bracket lamp was lit—Dickie was facing Mr. Dayton.

Dickie cowered. Mr. Dayton said "Oh!" and let the bag drop on to the top of the front box. Dickie felt that he was being stared at, and he could not find courage to raise his head.

Now he heard the seal of the tag as it was ripped across. He heard the unsnapping of the lock, the rustling of paper, the clinking of metal, and then an astonished "What!" Dickie stole a glance and saw some bundles of paper and rolls of small round

soon see. Ah-h! One—two—three—all here—seals all right—good." Mr. Dayton slammed the bag back in the box and locked the door.

Then he turned to Dickie. "Now, Dickie, what does all this mean? I saw you coming aboard, and waited to see what would happen. What on earth does it all mean, Dickie—tell me that."

"I'd rather not tell about it, Mr. Dayton." "Can't you say more than that? What does this dummy bag mean? Somebody must have been here before. Had somebody robbed me? Did you find it out and bring back the bag? Was that it?"

"Yes, sir—I brought back the bag. But I helped too—but—I—"

"Helped! No—no—you didn't help, Dickie."

"Yes, sir—helped—some."

"No, no, no, Dickie. You didn't help—you were forced perhaps."

"That's it—I had to—I was afraid."

"There—I knew. Tell me the rest."

"I can't."

"But you should. See now, Dickie. I have to come to camp regularly with money. If there is anybody around here looking to rob me and ruin me, I ought to know it—you're a friend of mine, Dickie?"

"Indeed, Mr. Dayton—"

"I know it. Then you should tell me. Some time they'll be after that money and I'll be in the way, and then—bang—all over with me."

"Oh, Mr. Dayton!" cried Dickie.

"That's what it means—tell me."

"I'll tell you so you'll know, but you mustn't do anything to him—that is, to one of them."

"No. I know who that one must be—who is the other?"

"The engineer of this tug."

The Glory of Peggy Harrison

By DAVID LORAINÉ and
ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

VII. The Millville Idea

DRAWING BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS



"I hope," said Henry Birdmanner, "it's not such bad news as you think"

PEGGY pushed herself up slowly on the bed and sat for a few moments staring unseeing at the rain on the window panes. She was not weeping now, but her cheeks were stained, and her eyes red. She rose and picked the letter up from the floor; then, moving to the window, she reread it, eagerly searching for some ray of hope, some little word of comfort.

In its way it was a wonderful letter. There are many books printed to guide the student who would write well; but in no book will you find such a letter as Mrs. Harrison wrote to her daughter. And yet letters of the sort are not rare. Mrs. Harrison told the truth about the stricken father and the boy ill with pneumonia, but she told it gently, tactfully, always with solicitude for her daughter's feelings.

In Peggy's eyes now, as she gazed out straight ahead over the rain-washed roofs, was the look that had come into them that day back at Millville, when she voiced her resolve to face New York and its uncertainties. She turned resolutely and pulled her traveling-bag out from under the bed; she must hurry to the Grand Central and get the first train for Millville.

With that thought came another that made her fish hastily into her pocket for her purse. She opened it and dumped the contents out on the bed: a half-dollar, two quarters and three pennies. The fare back to Millville was more than twice that amount.

Money! Always money! For a moment she thought of going downstairs and asking Mrs. Schwartz for a small loan, but, remembering how patient her landlady had been, she could not bring herself to do it. Then it occurred to her that the Mammoth owed her a day's salary—but no, she would not go and ask for it; she had too much pride for that.

Suddenly she thought of Henry Birdmanner, of his interest, his sympathy. For several minutes she hesitated; but at last, brushing aside her scruples, she crossed quickly to the cracked mirror inside her closet door, arranged her hair, dabbed at her face and eyes with the corner of her handkerchief and hurried out into the hall. It was close to four o'clock, and she was glad to observe that the lunchroom was empty except for the old soldier himself; he was seated near the window, writing in a notebook.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed brightly as she entered the door; and then, at sight of the look in her eyes, his face became grave. He closed the little book and stood up.

"Mr. Birdmanner," Peggy began, trying hard to keep all emotion out of her voice, "I've had bad news, and I've come to you for advice and help."

He nodded encouragingly. "Sit down and tell me about it," he said. "I hope it's not such bad news as you think."

Peggy seated herself on the stool near

him. "A letter from my mother," she went on. "My father has had another heart attack, and they've taken him to the hospital. And my brother, little Tommy, is down with pneumonia. You've been so kind—I thought maybe you would be willing—" Peggy paused and moistened her lips. "I thought you might lend me three dollars so I can go home to them—"

"Three dollars!" exclaimed the little man. He started to reach around for his wallet, but thought better of it. Instead he picked up a cup and filled it with coffee. He pushed the cup in front of her, and she looked at him gratefully as she raised it to her lips.

"What about your job?" the veteran inquired. "Have you spoken—"

"I have no job," replied Peggy. "I was discharged this afternoon."

"Discharged!" repeated Birdmanner.

"For incompetency."

Henry Birdmanner looked at her searchingly, as if unable to believe what she had just told him. But, being wise and considerate as well as sympathetic, he asked no further questions.

"Now," he said, drawing a well-worn leather check book from his pocket as she set the cup down, "you'll be wanting to hurry off to the station; but first let me make ye that little loan."

Peggy watched his gnarled and wrinkled hands adjust his fountain-pen and spread the book out on the counter, watched his head incline more and more to one side as he began to write. Having finished, he tore the check out and waved it slowly to and fro to dry the ink. Then without a word he handed it to her.

"How can I thank you enough—" Peggy

was saying, when her eye caught the figure in the corner of the paper.

"Why!" she cried, rising suddenly from the stool. "This is for five thousand dollars!"

"Just so," was the calm reply. "Oh, but—but—" She put the check down on the counter and looked at him in wonder and incomprehension, at a loss for words.

"Miss Peggy," said the old man, "just you sit down again for a spell, please; I see there's somethin' I've got to tell you. That amount there"—he glanced at the check between them—"don't mean much to Henry Birdmanner, 'cause there's a lot more where it came from. In plain words, I'm what folks'd call a rich man—not a millionaire maybe, but there's a lot more'n I'll ever need. My own folks are all dead, and most of my friends too. This three-cornered lunchroom is just a pastime with me; it enables me to see people every day and keep in touch with the world. It gives me a lot of interests, and that's what keeps a fellow young. Now I never meant to let a bit of this out, but you've made me do it. So I might as well go a step further an' say you're not the first person I've helped—nor the last, I hope."

He paused as a newsboy opened the door and tossed a paper on the counter. Then he continued, and the Birdmanner smile was in his eyes now, "You b'lieve in the principle of lending and borrowing; if you didn't, you wouldn't have asked for the loan o' three dollars. Three dollars!"

He looked at her with something like mock scorn. "Father in the hospital, small brother down with pneumonia, no money an' no job—and all you ask for is three dollars! Don't it seem a mite ridiculous to

you?" His tone was half-serious, half-playful, but wholly kindly.

"When a body gets sick they need money, heaps of it. Now if you want to make old Henry Birdmanner a happy man, you take that check and go and cash it. Then some day, when you're better fixed than you are today, pay it back if you like."

But Peggy only shook her head. "It—it's too much."

There was a short period of silence during which Peggy, with bright misty eyes, studied the scratches on the dark counter. When she looked up again she observed a suspicious brightness in the eyes of the little man; and his under lip was trembling. "Pride! Pride!" a voice within her seemed to be saying. "Foolish pride! You need the money, and yet you're willing to hurt the feelings of an old man by refusing it!"

Suddenly she spoke to him. "Mr. Birdmanner, if you are still willing, I'll accept one thousand dollars from you as a loan. I haven't the words to thank you enough, to tell you how wonderfully good and kind you are—"

Henry Birdmanner's expression changed in a flash. "That's sensible!" he cried. "That's good common sense!" And out came his check book again, and in a

moment he was writing another check. "There," he said, handing it to her and tearing up the old one. "It's not as much as it should be, but it'll help. Now you'll need a little cash too—"

And before Peggy realized what was happening he had opened his wallet and pressed a ten-dollar bill into her hand.

"Now run along and get your train," he said, jumping hastily to his feet as a customer entered. "And I hope things'll be better'n you expect. Good-by—and a good trip!"

"Good-by—and thank you!" Peggy was hardly able to speak the words, so great was her gratitude.

Back at the lodging-house, she packed her few belongings, paid Mrs. Schwartz what money she owed her, and then set out for the Grand Central. She scarcely thought of her unfortunate experience at the Mammoth; in the face of the great disaster that had struck the little home in Connecticut the loss of her job—even though that job was to have been her first step toward success in the world of business—was a trivial matter. A few minutes before nine o'clock that eveningshe stepped off at the ramshackle smoke-blackened station in Millville.

Rain had been falling, and the little town was wrapped in heavy fog, through which the electric street lights shone like candle flames. Few people were in the streets. Somewhere on the outskirts of the town a dog was howling. Peggy shivered as she hurried along. Turning into Main Street, she glanced behind her; off to the north, where most of the mills stood, she saw a cluster of lights blinking, struggling to penetrate the fog. They were the lights of the hospital, where her father was lying.

In a few minutes she was at the drug store, though she hardly recognized it as the one in which she had worked so many weary hours. It was transformed. Through the new, modern show window she caught a glimpse of Jacob Swan talking with a customer; then she entered the narrow vestibule at the side and hurried up the stairs to her family apartment.

Mrs. Harrison opened the door, and there on the threshold the two embraced—a long, silent embrace full of meaning.

Peggy's mother was a different person from the helpless, almost hysterical woman she had been on the morning Henry Harrison collapsed in his chair. During the period of trouble she had gained in poise and understanding. In a voice so calm that it surprised the girl she told Peggy that her father was still a very sick man, but that she—and also the doctors—had hopes for his recovery. Tommy, she said, had been close to death, but now the crisis was past.

"Clara is still here," she continued, "and is willing to remain as long as I need her. She's asleep now. Mr. Swan has been wonderful! Peggy, it was he who sent us that twelve dollars; I found out from Clara."

Then they tiptoed into the front room, and Peggy stole a glimpse at the boy's small white face. He was asleep and resting easily.

Peggy and her mother talked until late into the night, and Mrs. Harrison learned of her daughter's adventures.

"A thousand dollars!" exclaimed the mother when Peggy told her of the loan. "Why, child, that's a fortune!"

"But it won't be, when we come to pay our debts," replied the girl. "And to think I very nearly refused it!"

THE following morning Peggy greeted Clara as affectionately as if she were her own sister. Clara looked thin and tired, but in her eyes was the light that comes only from unselfish service. Jacob Swan greeted Peggy with his usual shy diffidence, but she knew he was genuinely glad to see her again. Mother and daughter went to the hospital together; and Henry Harrison, propped high on his pillows, was lifted in spirit by Peggy's visit. "Peggy," he said when she had kissed him, "now that you're home again, I'm going to get well soon. How's Tommy this morning?"

"Sleeping nicely," replied Mrs. Harrison. "Clara is with him. Peggy and I will bring him to see you soon."

That was the beginning of brighter days for the Harrisons. Tommy was soon up and about, and Henry Harrison came home during the first week in May. He had put on weight, thanks to excellent care and plenty of nourishing food. Peggy found her days full. She began to take all the housework off her mother's hands; she cared for her father, who still needed much waiting on; she helped Jacob Swan and Clara at odd hours; and she found time for a great deal of reading. It was serious reading; all kinds of modern biographies from the Millville Library, books of travel, and so forth. She seemed as bright and happy as any girl could be.

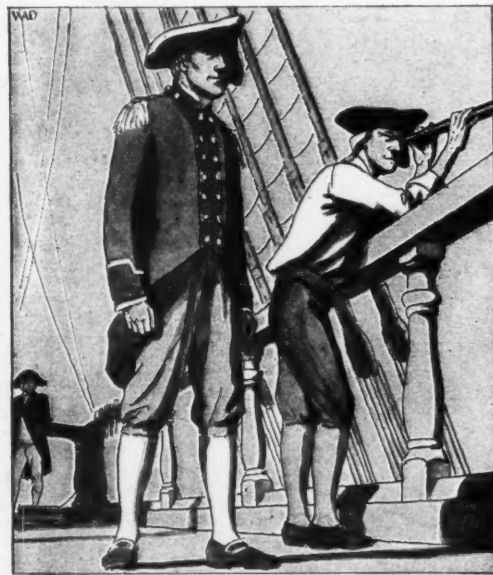
But she was not really happy. Despite her hardships in New York, she had known the thrill and joy of making her own way in the world. Now at night, lying with eyes wide open in the darkness of her bedroom, she lived over those adventurous days again. What was happening at the Mammoth? Had Mr. Alan Crosby heard of her discharge; or had he forgotten all about her? And Miss Gribble—did she possibly regret her cruel, high-handed treatment of Peggy? Well, no matter—all that was over. Peggy was in Millville now, and nobody in the Mammoth missed her. But some day she would return to New York, or go to Boston, or to Chicago—yes, she would go to a big city again, just as soon as she could be spared at home. Her ambition had been checked, not killed.

Meanwhile Peggy was far wrong in supposing that nobody at the Mammoth remembered or missed her. Alan Crosby thought about her repeatedly. She had given him an idea. He knew that the salespeople in the Mammoth were cold and indifferent, but until Peggy's visit he had not thought for years about the different spirit of the salespeople in the smaller towns. Secretly, Alan Crosby was still a small-town man. He dominated a large corner of New York, but he would have been more at home, spiritually, in his father's small linen draper's shop in Glasgow.

"Aye," he said to himself, "the girl is right: if people in a store are friendly, folks will want to buy from them."

Yankee Originals

BY PAUL HOLLISTER



DRAWING BY
W. A. DWIGGINS

JOHN PAUL JONES

They called him an ingrate in Whitehall;
They called him a pirate in Spain;
They called him a troublesome fellow at home
And put him to sailing again.
They bade him be off to the Irish Sea,
They jeered at his quarrelsome tones;
So he took four British ships-o'-the-line.

And—his—name—was—Jones.

John Paul, sailor of fortune;
John Paul Jones, commodore;
John Paul (son of a gardener)—

JOHN PAUL JONES.

They gave him a ratty old ferry—
Up sail for the shore he knew best!
The firth he had played in he now made a raid in
And fled, rather neatly, to Brest.
They sent him to drown in the Richard,
A Frenchman of tatters and bones;
So he sailed home His Majesty's Serapis ship.

And—his—name—was—Jones.

John Paul Jones was a Scotsman;
John Paul Jones was a Yankee;
John Paul Jones was an admiral—

JOHN PAUL JONES.

They promised him ships new and shiny,
Clean frigates all golden and black;
They put ten commands in the grasp of his hands
And then took the pretty ships back.
They chuckled at home as he pleaded
For bread, and they paid him in stones;
So he sailed for the Russians and beat up the Turks.

And—his—name—was—Jones.

John Paul Jones knew Catherine;
John Paul Jones knew a Bourbon;
John Paul Jones knew Washington—

JOHN PAUL JONES.

The war shall be won in the council.
The sailor's worst fight is ashore.
Be off to your deck and your gunport and fuse
And don't bother us any more.
For a man far at sea in a battle
Won't trouble us much with his groans,
And any mishap can be pinned on a chap

With—a—name—like—Jones.

John Paul Jones was a sailor,
John Paul Jones was a citizen;
John Paul Jones of Annapolis—

JOHN PAUL JONES.

He pressed his desk button, and things began to happen almost as fast as they seem to happen in motion pictures. There was a meeting of all his lieutenants; Alan Crosby did all the talking, and his words were chiefly addressed to both the advertising manager and the general manager. Friendliness was the keynote of the new policy; it must be emphasized in every advertisement, it must be encouraged in every department.

Miss Gribble sat in the front row at this meeting. Her face was inscrutable. She had tried to run her department—personnel—as if people were machines. The customer, in her mind, was an automaton who came to the counter and paid so much money; the clerk was an automaton who showed the goods and accepted the money, and then set other automatons in motion behind the scenes, who made change, wrapped up the parcel, and so forth. When mistakes occurred, in Miss Gribble's favorite phrase, it was because "the machinery failed to function perfectly." Human nature and human friendliness played no part in her scheme of things. She thought, as Alan Crosby went on talking about the friendly spirit, that he had gone temporarily crazy. She glanced once at Evan Crosby and was startled to see his boyish face wreathed in smiles. She looked round the circle of faces. All were evidently profoundly affected by Alan Crosby's words.

But now a big, well-built young man was on his feet—a stranger. He had reddish hair, and bright blue eyes, and a protruding brow—the brow of a thinker, a seer. "This," said Alan Crosby, "is my friend Barnham Beal, the most famous advertising writer in America. Mr. Beal will tell us briefly what kind of advertising he thinks we should run."

Barnham Beal spoke briefly and in a low voice. Henry Steiger, the Mammoth's advertising manager, looked at him narrowly; this was the famous Mr. Beal, the envied Mr. Beal, the Mr. Barnham Beal whose income was said to be \$250,000 a year. But he couldn't be thirty-five; and he spoke modestly and in a gentle voice. Steiger himself was apt to be shrill and dogmatic. His mouth opened when Beal drew out a sheet of paper and read a proposed advertisement headed "This Is a Friendly Store." The advertisement was very short; it quoted Emerson and Ruskin; it had, somehow, the ring of perfect sincerity. "I would run this," said Barnham Beal, "in the Times and the Evening Journal; a full page in both." He smiled his shy smile and sat down. There was a short spurt of applause; and this was unprecedented in the history of the Mammoth's executive meetings.

"Any comment, Mr. Steiger?" asked Alan Crosby.

Henry Steiger moistened his lips. "It is the most radically different thing any store has ever put out," he said. "There is no merchandise offered in it. No prices are mentioned. It seems to be an effort to sell our people rather than our goods."

"Exactly," said Crosby. "Now, Miss Gribble, what do you say?"

"I think it is hopelessly bad from beginning to end," snapped the director of personnel.

THAT was the end of the meeting, but Mr. Barnham Beal's advertisement appeared in all the papers next day. Meanwhile the employees' bulletin boards blazed with prize awards—\$50 a week for the most courteous man or woman in the store, \$100 for the girl who could call most customers by name each week, a trip to Europe at the expense of the house for the salesman or saleswoman who should best reflect, during the coming three months, the new spirit of the Mammoth. Never was there so abrupt a change of heart and method in a great store. The "buyers"—department managers—were instructed to spend all their available time on the floor, meeting and chatting with customers and inviting suggestions. The general manager and his assistants received peremptory instructions to make liberal adjustments when complaints were received. "The poorer the patron," said Alan Crosby, "the more necessary is it to treat her with as much courtesy as if she were—well, Mrs. Neal Goucher. Give her a chair. Attend to her complaint with as much politeness as if she were your own mother. Let nobody leave the store unsatisfied."

Information desks were placed opposite every door. It became known, almost at once, that you could ask the Mammoth any question, whether it concerned the store's business or not. What time do trains leave? What is the best motion picture in town, the most interesting lecture of the

day? Who is a good children's specialist? Hundreds of questions poured in. The Mammoth's information clerks tried earnestly to answer them; as the days passed, this work became easier and more fascinating. Newspapers were given free to patrons of the store restaurant, to pass away the time spent in waiting for orders. Incompetent or cross salespeople were summarily discharged; their places were taken by pleasant, more ambitious young women and men. The Mammoth began to be as pleasant a place to visit as a well-ordered home.

Just as you would lend an umbrella to a departing friend on a showery day, the Mammoth Store began to lend umbrellas. Instead of selling a cheap umbrella for a dollar, the Mammoth lent a better one. Many patrons saved their hats and dresses as a result, and only a few people abused the privilege and failed to return the umbrellas on a later day.

The most famous of New York's newspaper editors read Barnham Beal's first advertisement with enthusiasm and called Alan Crosby on the telephone. "A wonderful idea," he said. "I'm coming to the Mammoth to see how well you are living up to it; and if it is working, depend on me for a full-page editorial about it next Sunday." He was as good as his word. His editorial proclaimed a mercantile revolution; the victory of human vision over mere routine. It brought hosts of visitors to the Mammoth.

BARNHAM BEAL launched his second advertisement that week; it was about people, not merchandise; it introduced Miss Mandelle, as the city's first authority on gloves, and Miss West, as an equally important authority on neckwear. There were photographs of both women. The advertisement made another sensation. And this time Miss Gribble went straight to Mr. Alan Crosby. She found him talking to his son in front of the fire.

"This is all wrong," said Miss Gribble. "It will ruin the efficiency of the store and spoil every employee who is mentioned in this way."

Evan Crosby started to speak, but his father held up a hand. "That's curious," he said mildly. "I have just been to both departments. Miss Mandelle has had the biggest morning's business in ten years, and Miss West is almost deluged. I have had to send members of the special squad to help them both serve their patrons."

"I repeat," said Miss Gribble firmly, "that any personal publicity of this kind will destroy discipline. I cannot be responsible for it if this occurs again."

"I am sure you cannot," said her chief, "and I have taken steps to relieve you of it."

He was bland, but Miss Gribble felt a sudden, icy hand snatch at her heart. She gasped and recovered herself. If this man had gone mad and was going to discharge her, so much the worse for him.

"What I want to know," said Alan Crosby, "is where the young lady is who gave us this idea—the Millville Idea, I call it mentally. Miss West says she is no longer here."

"I let her go," said Miss Gribble. "She wouldn't do at all. She was grossly insubordinate. She even left her counter without permission, which is against one of the first rules of the store."

"H'm," said Alan Crosby. "Well, I want to find her. But don't trouble, Miss Gribble. I have arranged more congenial work for you than working with people; I don't think you understand people at all."

"I have studied personnel for twenty-two years," began Miss Gribble, her eye flashing.

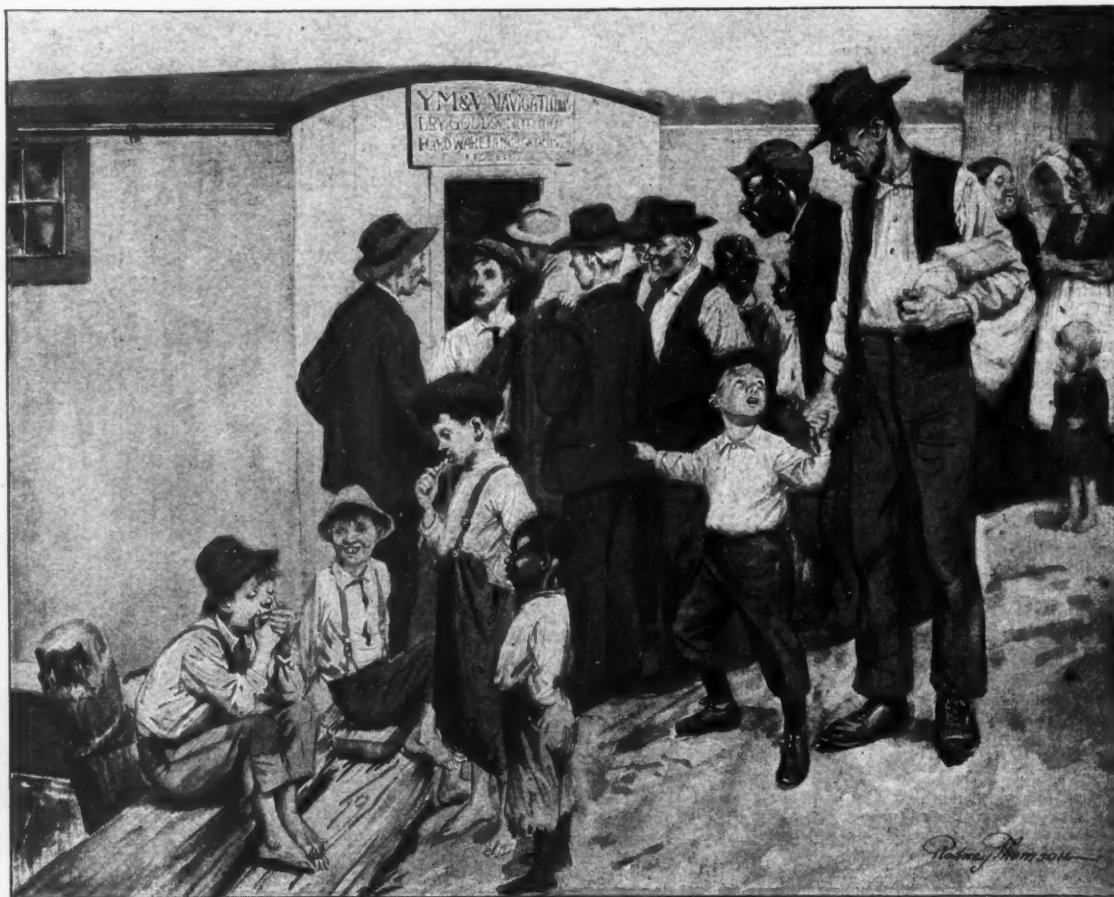
"That's what father means," put in Evan Crosby briskly. "You have studied *personnel* so hard that you've forgotten all about *people*! So we have arranged an important post for you—in the statistical department. Report to Mr. Kuznagel for instructions. Good morning."

He crossed to the coat closet; it opened by pressing a secret spring in the paneled wall. He drew out a fur-lined overcoat, a cap and a pair of gauntlets. Miss Gribble forgot to walk to the door with her usually measured tread. She swayed and actually turned for a look backward in the doorway. Both the Crosbys seemed to have forgotten her. Alan, tall though he was, was looking up perplexedly at his still taller son.

"Where are you going, Ev?"

"To Millville," said Evan. "I fortunately came to work in the new Delage car this morning. I can run out there in eighty minutes—and if Miss Harrison's anywhere about, I'm going to find her."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



We landed at a town on the Mississippi side and had a good sale

The Adventures of William Tucker

By GEORGE HALSEY GILLHAM

IV. Mr. Jenkins Runs a Race

WHEN the Ocean Queen struck the bank we jumped out with the lines and soon had her safe, held by two strong ropes. Then we tumbled into the cabin, shut all the windows and doors and lit the oil stove. We stripped off and rubbed one another with towels and sheets and anything we could get, and put on some dry clothes. Soon we were feeling all right again, for our goods were all safe and dry, and the Ocean Queen had proved that she was as tight as a barrel.

The next day after the storm, when we had everything straight and were heading down the middle of the river again, John remarked that we ought to have watches, like sailors. This sounded reasonable, and no one made any objection. As good-natured old Hicks was ready to try anything once, it was agreed that we should travel at night and make stops in the daytime where we should not be bothered with mosquitoes.

I think one thing that influenced us to decide to travel at night was that we wanted to use the nice new green, red and white lanterns we had bought in Memphis. We decided that it was necessary to have a watch on deck from eight at night to five o'clock in the morning, a period of nine hours. We agreed to stand a watch of two hours each, which made eight hours, and the last watch in the morning we called the "gravy eye" and made that one three hours. We were to take turn about in standing this long morning watch. That night John stood the first watch.

The night travel proved a success. It was comparatively cool at night on the river, and

as there were no mosquitoes we slept well. Standing watch alone while the others slept was an experience I never forgot. It was a serious and big thing. Everything by which we were surrounded was serious and big: the dark river banks clothed in a wild forest, showing no lights except at long intervals the government lights intended for the guidance of pilots; the great heavens above, dimly lit by stars and a half moon, often obscured by flying clouds; the great river itself, silent but always whispering of a terrible and irresistible power.

All went well; the next day we were very much in favor of night travel as compared with nights on the bank. Just before dinner we sighted a big sand bar in the middle of the river. It was about a mile long with only an occasional small clump of willows and cottonwood trees. We found a place where the water was deep enough for us to make a landing, and John jumped out in fine sailor fashion, carrying the anchor on his shoulder. We stuck the anchor in the sand and also made a line fast to an old log, half buried near the water's edge.

Then we were free—absolutely free. There was no one to tell us not to do this and that. There was a feeling of being cut off from everything on this island of sand out in the big river. There was nothing but the river and the sand, and you, and God; no rickety houses, smoking chimneys, heaps of rusty tin cans or other signs of man to cast a blemish on the perfect work of nature. We did not say all this at the time, but we felt it and appreciated it just the same. The first thing we did was to take off our clothes and go in swimming. The sand was soft and

smooth, and on one side of the island we could walk out in the water a hundred yards before it came up to our shoulders. We swam and splashed in the warm water and floated and ducked one another to our hearts' content. Then we sat at the edge of the water and plastered one another with wet sand and mud in all kinds of fancy designs, and ran about, taking great delight in making footprints where no footprints had ever been before.

Old Hicks—he seemed old to us—had remained on the boat and had cooked a fine dinner. I remember that day he stuck his red, smiling face out the window and yelled: "Come on to jambolaya."

Jambolaya is a very fine dish, a regular article of diet on the lower Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. It is made of rice, bacon and tomatoes, with a lot of seasoning. It is all cooked together in a skillet.

I think it was two days after this that we landed at a town on the Mississippi side about sundown and were having a good sale. When we first landed Hicks took a gun and went down the bank into the woods to see if he could kill a squirrel for supper. In a little while he came stumping back as fast as his peg leg would let him. He was terribly excited and called me behind the store building at once.

"Hamon's boat is right down yonder under the bank," he whispered in my ear, "not more than a quarter of a mile from here. He has painted it blue all right, but I would know it anywhere."

We went on board the Queen and held a consultation with John and Charley. After considerable discussion we all agreed it

would not do to attempt to capture Hamon at night—that he would either get away or kill some of us. We thought it would be best to find a sheriff and get him to help us try to arrest Hamon the next day. After supper we went up and asked one of the store keepers to tell us where we could find an officer. He said there was a justice of the peace up the road about a mile, and that a deputy sheriff was usually to be found in his office.

We borrowed a lantern from the merchant and John and Charley and I trudged up the road and found the justice and his deputy. They were very much interested in our story and particularly that part which related to the "\$5000 reward, dead or alive." The deputy agreed to meet us at the Queen the next morning early, and we would make the attempt to put a pair of bracelets on Mr. Zeke Hamon. We tried our best to get this deputy to summon other officers, but he declared he did not need any assistance. This deputy sheriff was built more like a giraffe than any man I ever saw. His legs were outrageously long and slender. So was his body, but he had a tremendous big black mustache, and he wore a businesslike and fierce expression. He took very quick and energetic steps and looked straight to the front, as if there were no question at all about his ability to serve any legal papers or arrest any criminal forthwith. He wore a big nickel-plated star and carried a "horse" pistol, which looked large enough to kill an elephant. His name was Mr. Jinkins.

The next morning soon after daylight Mr. Jinkins arrived with his "horse" pistol, and we were all set to bring Hamon to justice. John was anxious to tackle Hamon again, but we persuaded him to stay behind and run the store. We knew Hamon had promised to "get" John, and we thought it the part of prudence to let John devote himself to the accumulation of money on that particular day.

Charley and I and Hicks and Mr. Jinkins started down the bank in single file. Mr. Jinkins led the way, and Hicks brought up the rear. We stooped very low and crept along very cautiously through the tall weeds. None of us had any firearms except Mr. Jinkins. He said he would do all the shooting necessary; that it was better for us to be unarmed, as we might get excited and shoot his head off.

When we came opposite the place where Hicks had seen Hamon's boat the evening before we peeped out; and there was the boat, shining in a fine new coat of robin's egg blue. There was Ginnie reclining on a pallet beside a smoldering fire on the bank about a hundred feet away from the shanty boat. Hamon was nowhere to be seen.

We waited and waited for Hamon to put in an appearance. We waited maybe three hours, and the sun was getting awfully hot, but there was not the slightest sign of Hamon anywhere.

Finally Mr. Jinkins announced that he was convinced Hamon was inside the boat, and he was going down to get him. We all hoped he would "get him," but Charley and I and Hicks had grave doubts on the subject.

Mr. Jinkins told us to follow a short distance behind him. He rose boldly out of the weeds with his big pistol in his hand and marched for the boat with the quickest kind of step, as if he had only a few minutes to devote to this job and had many other matters of importance awaiting his attention. He entered the boat, and nothing happened. Ginnie could not see us, as we had purposely approached from an angle where her view was obscured. Then we all very quickly got into Hamon's boat and began a search to see what we could find that might incriminate him. This is where the trouble began. Hicks got his peg leg stuck in a crack and fell against some shelves, and down came an armful of tin pans and cups and dishes and the like.

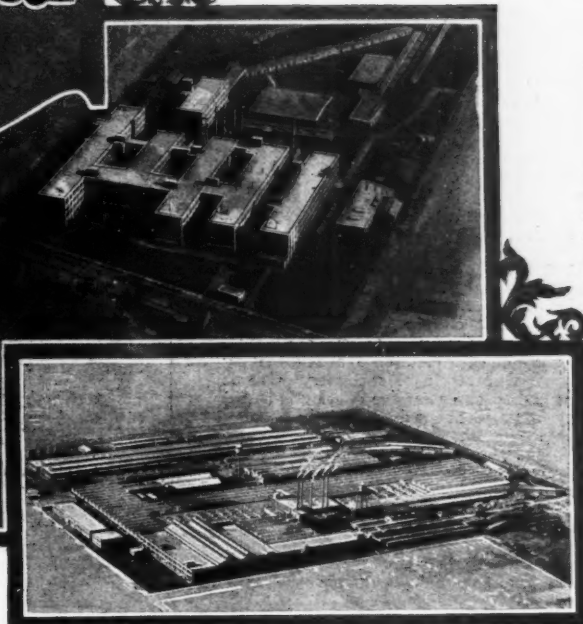
Charley and I were off at the first crash, running for our lives. Mr. Jinkins, who was near the stern door when the pans and dishes fell down, at once jumped out on deck and started for the shore on the runway outside the boat. He was holding on by a hand rail on the top of the cabin. The hand rail broke, and Mr. Jinkins fell backward into about ten feet of water. Ginnie had jumped up at the first alarm, and she came up with a double-barrel shotgun in her hands. As she ran for the boat, gun in hand, Hicks presented a fair target as he hopped along in the opposite direction. She raised the gun and fired at Hicks.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Two Sensational Years



The three Chrysler plants in Detroit, Mich.



JANUARY sixth marks the second anniversary of the most phenomenal success in the history of motor car design and manufacture.

In 1924, its amazing first year, over 32,000 Chrysler Sixes were built and shipped, and the public paid the record sum of more than \$50,000,000 for the new performance, beauty, and comfort qualities which only Chrysler gives.

This achievement was a first year production record for a quarter-century of automobile manufacture.

The past year—1925—has been still more sensational in its record of Chrysler popularity.

For in its even more outstanding second year, over 53,500 additional Chrysler Sixes were built and shipped. In 1925, also, the public bought more than 82,000 four-cylinder cars of Chrysler manufacture.

From a production of 54,892 cars in 1922, this Company, under Walter P. Chrysler's leadership, has forged ahead to an output of 67,131 cars in 1923, of 81,306 cars in 1924, and to the astonishing total of over 136,000 cars in 1925.

Two years ago the Chrysler was a new-comer that gave the world a new conception of a quality car.

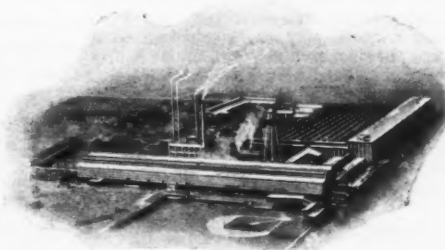
Today Chrysler has overtaken—and even excelled—many of the industry's leaders of 15, 18 and 20 years' standing.

Such an unparalleled growth in public esteem is the earned reward of highest quality, finest manufacturing and supreme value—of performance results, long life and engineering advances never before achieved—of new standards of beauty, a new degree of riding ease, and new roadability and safety which have revolutionized the world's ideal of fine motor cars.

The Chrysler Corporation deeply appreciates the splendid public tribute to sincerity of purpose and to quality manufacture in the growing demand for Chrysler products.

It gratefully accepts the responsibility of holding, through the ever advancing quality and value of its cars and through the integrity of its service, the high public good will it has enjoyed in the two record years just closed.

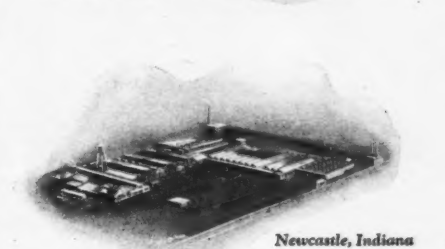
CHRYSLER



Dayton, Ohio



Windsor, Ontario



Newcastle, Indiana

FACT AND COMMENT

THERE are three difficult things: to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of leisure.—The Youth's Companion, December 2, 1829.

He whose Conversation Glistens
Sometimes Speaks, but always Listens.

WHEN the Spanish War broke out in 1898 thirty-three years after the close of the Civil War, we had paid off only about two billions of the nearly three billion dollars the Civil War cost. Thirty years after the close of the Great War, if the present plans of the United States Treasury are carried out, we shall have discharged our entire war debt of twenty-six billions. That is a very graphic way of putting the extraordinary growth of our national wealth since the opening of the twentieth century.

AMERICAN FILMS are more popular in England than those that the British producers offer. Whether that popularity is likely to reflect credit on the United States, and whether American parents have any excuse for allowing their children to attend moving picture theatres in this country without first finding out what the offering is to be, may find a pertinent answer in the opening sentence of an English schoolboy's composition. "America," he wrote, "is a place where you can shoot as many people as you like without getting into trouble."

DUCK HUNTERS who shoot from blinds always depend somewhat upon "calling," either by imitating the "quack" of the ducks by means of a duck call or by employing live ducks as decoys. But a California genius has now applied modern efficiency methods to the business. He has installed a radio broadcasting apparatus in the club of which he is a member, and when the caller in the sending station begins to "talk" every blind along the wide-stretching marshes begins to quack. It seems like a mean trick to play on the ducks, but it opens the door to a new profession. A man who can imitate a duck call so well that, sending from WIP Philadelphia, he can set every blind from Hatteras to Eastport a-flutter should be able to draw a good salary from sportsmen, and probably would not object to being called a professional "quack."

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

THERE is a curious fascination about making up lists of books that *ought* to be read. It is a dangerous pastime, for hardly anyone else agrees with your selection of a Five-Foot Shelf or of the Hundred Best Books. But widely as tastes and judgments vary there are of course some books a knowledge of which are essential to anyone who wants to know anything about literature, and there are some others that are by pretty general consent too entertaining to be neglected by anyone who can get any pleasure at all out of reading.

The Federal Bureau of Education has undertaken the task of choosing forty books that every child should read before he is sixteen. Sheltered behind the impersonality of a government bureau, the persons who drew up the list are at least safe from a criticism of their individual literary tastes. They have chosen two of Miss Alcott's books, Little Men and Little Women; three of Mark Twain's, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn and The Prince and the Pauper; three of Kipling's, The Jungle Book, Just So Stories and Captains Courageous; two by Stevenson, Treasure Island and A Child's Garden of Verses; such venerable classics as the Arabian Nights, Aesop's Fables, Gulliver's Travels, Malory's stories of King Arthur's Court, Robinson Crusoe and Swiss Family Robinson; Tanglewood Tales, Uncle Remus, the fairy tales of the brothers Grimm and of Hans Christian Andersen, Alice in Wonderland, Heidi, Parkman's Oregon Trail, Hans Brinker, Ivanhoe, Water Babies, Master Skylark, The Little Lame Prince, Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy, Miss Nicolay's Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln, Boutet de Monvel's Joan of Arc, The Wonderful Adventures of Nils, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, The Man Without a Country, A Dog of Flanders, Understood Betsy, by Miss Canfield, Doctor Dolittle, by Hugh Lofting, Padraic Colum's version



The Penay. An old clipper ship under full sail

THE LAST OF THE CLIPPERS

An interesting era in American life, a bright chapter of romance, came to an end when the old clipper ship Benjamin F. Packard went out of commission the other day. She was built at Bath, Maine, in 1883, and has made forty voyages round Cape Horn. When her flag came down for the last time it was the intention of the owners to send her to the wrecker's to be broken up, but the Maritime Exchange of New York is making an effort to have her preserved as a marine museum.

The Packard is the last of the great fleet of wooden ships that made the American merchant marine famous the world over. What tales of daring and adventure and resourcefulness the old log books tell, and how closely the story is interwoven with political and commercial history!

The clippers were born of the rivalry of the tea ships and the large rewards for quick passages. Then came the gold rush to California in '49 and to Australia in '51. Other causes also operated to open new avenues to wealth for owners of fast vessels. One was the taking away in 1833 of the monopoly of the East India Company, which made the commerce of the Orient the prize of any who could take it; another was the repeal of the British navigation laws, which opened the carrying trade of England to the vessels of the world.

Beginning in 1843, when the first of the fast-sailing full-rigged ships appeared, a

quarter-century passed before steam-driven vessels were able to equal the records that some of the clippers made.

The forerunner of the fleet was the little Courier, the first ship designed by Donald McKay, afterwards one of the most famous of the builders. She entered the Rio coffee trade, where she outsailed everything, big or little, that she encountered. But she was a small vessel, and so the Ann McKim, designed by Kennard & Williamson of Baltimore, is usually regarded as the first of the real clippers. Then from the yards of various builders along the Atlantic coast began to come vessels that astonished the shipping world by passages that are still the glory of our maritime history—the Rainbow, out to China and back in six months and fourteen days; the Ariel, ninety days from New York to Canton; the Sea Witch, eighty-one days on the same course, then seventy-nine days.

The very names—Flying Cloud, Sea Witch, White Squall, Stag Hound, Glory of the Seas—have a touch of poetry about them—poetry that began to decline when the Suez Canal was finished in 1869 and has ended with the passing of the Packard.

There is no better reading for an American boy than the story of the clipper ships. Fiction holds nothing more robust and but little so wholesome. It is full of fresh and interesting material for the themes you have to write in school.

of the adventures of Odysseus and Howard Pyle's Robin Hood and Men of Iron.

A good list on the whole; a well-read child ought to have dipped into most, perhaps all of them. But couldn't he be trusted to read the Odyssey itself instead of a modern watering down of the delightful old story? Where are David Copperfield and Oliver Twist? Where are Westward Ho and The Greek Heroes of Charles Kingsley? Isn't The Mysterious Island as good as a dozen at least of the Bureau of Education's choice? And would not La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West please intelligent youngsters as much as the Oregon

Trail, or more? And how about Quentin Durward or the Three Musketeers?

We could keep on asking questions like this for another column; for we have got on to the difficult ground of personal taste and individual preference. No one, even of those best qualified to judge, would select the same forty, or even the same fifty, best books for children to read. But there is no Shakespeare here. Ought any young person to get to the age of sixteen without reading something by the greatest of poets—A Midsummer Night's Dream and As You Like It, at least? And, most serious omission of all, is the English Bible. Perhaps the Bureau of

Education takes it for granted that all children read the Bible. That would have been a safe assumption once; it is not safe today. But a young person has no sufficient grounding for life, no training in appreciating the best and noblest English prose writing and no adequate preparation for understanding the Biblical allusions of which all literature is full, unless he has a good knowledge of the Bible. And that knowledge must be got in youth. The Bible lies so firmly at the foundation of our life, our literature and our religion that it must be read early. There is no other book that we cannot do without if we have to. Without the Bible we have lost our spiritual and our literary birthright.

TAKE DOWN THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW

NOBODY has done more to revolutionize our social habits than Mr. Henry Ford. He has put the United States on wheels and sent it scurrying about over the roads, in search of recreation and in pursuit of business. He has done his share, too, toward making over our industrial and commercial methods. Quantity production, mechanical efficiency, high wages and low costs mean something quite different from what they meant before the Detroit wizard built his first automobile.

But Mr. Ford, a radical in mechanics and industry, is a conservative in the arts of life. He likes old things and spends a good deal of money collecting them. He likes country ways and dreams of breaking up our great industrial cities, to distribute their population through ten thousand small towns. He shivers at jazz and frowns at the dances that the young and the would-be young affect.

That is what his widely advertised invitation of the veteran fiddler from Maine to visit him in Michigan means. That was a step in Mr. Ford's campaign against the ugliness of present-day dances and the tyranny of the jazz band. He is for Money Musk against the Blues of whatever tinge; for the dignified Lancers or the romping Portland Fancy, against the acrobatic Charleston; for the jollity of the fiddle against the moan of the saxophone. Mellie Dunham is the first wave of Mr. Ford's shock troops advancing against the entrenched atrocities of Jazz-mania.

It is a wholesome taste that Mr. Ford exhibits. We shall watch with interest to see whether he succeeds in persuading the people who buy his automobiles to like his kind of music and dancing too. Some skeptics will say that he has as much chance of reviving the old practice of buggy-riding as of bringing back the fiddle and the square dance. But is the case so hopeless? No one expects jazz to be in fashion forever. Already there are indications that the popular ear is rebelling against the perpetual bombardment to which it is subjected. When the change comes, it may be a change to something old and almost forgotten instead of to something new and still more strange. If people are going back to antique furniture, old pewter, and eighteenth-century china and glass, why may they not take a fancy to the kind of music and the kind of dancing that belong with those interesting things? Mr. Ford thinks they will, and he means to help them along in that direction. More power to him!

HISTORY IN MOVING PICTURES

WHATEVER may be said about the morals or the taste of the ordinary moving-picture "show," there is one field in which the pictures are rendering a service of real interest and importance. That is in preserving for posterity the aspect of our modern life and the actual view of the most striking episodes of contemporary history.

The other day we saw a number of pictures that were taken during the eventful years of the war. We saw vessels sunk by German submarines, French raids on the Flanders front, American doughboys sailing for France on the Leviathan, President Wilson received with acclamations in Paris, the signing of the peace treaty in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. It was all extremely

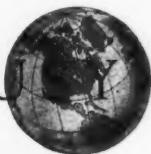
moving. To our children such pictures will make real and fascinating the dry narratives of history. Think if we could see today similar pictures of Washington among his soldiers at Valley Forge, of Napoleon reviewing the Old Guard, of Webster addressing the Revolutionary veterans at the dedication of the monument on Bunker Hill, of Lincoln delivering his second inaugural, of the review of the Grand Army in Washington after the Civil War was ended, of the scenes at the completion of the great transcontinental railways! How much more vividly we should realize the *actuality* of history. We should be onlookers at the pageant of humanity, not students merely of its chronicles. That unusual delight is reserved for the generations to come.

Nothing of any importance is permitted to occur nowadays without the attendance of the moving-picture camera. At London, when the Locarno agreements were signed, a dozen machines were cranking steadily in

the background. Many of us have already seen Briand and Stresemann and Chamberlain putting their names to documents which may mark the beginning of a new era, in which the national jealousies and prejudices of Europe shall lose enough of their virulence to permit a friendly organization of the continent as a brotherhood of peoples.

The dignity of the occasion itself may have suffered; there cannot have been quite the amount of solemnity which has heretofore accompanied political events of this sort. The eminent diplomats must have felt uneasy consciousness that they were putting on a kind of "show" for the delectation of the public. But in these democratic days dignity is not the first thing to be considered. The Locarno agreements are not less binding or less hopeful because the eminent statesmen who signed them "sat" for their pictures while doing so. And we have, as a result, a very valuable and permanent historic record of the scene.

THIS BUSY WORLD



Turkey Stuff About Mosul

Although the World Court has given a decision that the League of Nations Council has the right to decide what shall be done about the district of Mosul in Mesopotamia to which both Turkey and the British-controlled kingdom of Irak lay claim, the Turks declare they will not agree to accept any such decision. Their foreign minister, Rushdi Bey, has left Geneva and will not return, he says, unless the League Council is willing to act as mediator and not as umpire in the quarrel. Meanwhile the Special Commissioner of the League, General Laidoner of Estonia, has reported to the Council that the Turks have been guilty of some very great atrocities, in connection with the deportation of Christian refugees from Turkey, and the Council has accordingly voted to extend Great Britain's mandate over the region indefinitely. But the Angora government, and the Turks in general, seem convinced that they can defy the League with impunity, since no Western nation wants to go to the trouble and expense of going to war at present.

College Editors on Football

No subject is more thoroughly discussed than the future of football. Almost everyone has a good word for the game itself; but those who love it best are the most eager to prevent it from being turned into a circus. The other day a conference of college editors from Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Williams, Bowdoin and Wesleyan met at Middletown, Conn., and made some very sensible recommendations concerning the conduct of the game. One was that coaches should not be paid salaries greater than—or even as large as—professors. Another was that the coach should not be permitted to have any access to team or substitutes between the beginning and end of a game. The third was that no team should play more than four games, and those with teams in its own class, and the last was that "championship" titles should be avoided. These suggestions are interesting above all because they come from the undergraduates themselves. If the game is "reformed," it will be the college students and not the newspapers or the faculties who will do it.

A Memorial to Roosevelt

The association that is raising the money for a monumental memorial to former President Roosevelt in Washington has laid its plans before Congress, with the request that it be permitted to place the memorial in Potomac Park on the shore of the tidal basin and directly south of the White House on the axis of 16th Street—or the Avenue of the President, as it is now called. The design accepted by the association is the work of Mr. John Russell Pope, a New York architect. It calls for two massive, curving colonnades, facing each other, and a monumental fountain between them, spouting a column of water two hundred feet high. There are also symbolical groups of statuary on shiplike pedestals at the ends of the two colonnades. The site chosen is near

the Washington Monument and not far from the Lincoln Memorial; and some objection has already been made to the erection of the Roosevelt memorial just there, on the ground that it is still too early to be sure that Theodore Roosevelt's fame will entitle him to a place between the Father and the Preserver of our country.

Hunting New Rubber Lands

American users of rubber are looking about for sources of crude rubber sufficient in importance to deliver them from the exactions of the British-Dutch monopoly which controls the East Indian supply. Soil and climate are suitable in Mindanao, but our government has restrictions against coolie labor there that make competition with the British and Dutch plantations difficult. It is now announced that American rubber men propose to lease something like a million acres of land in Liberia on which to plant rubber trees, and that the negotiations only await the placing of a Liberian government loan in this country.

Wages and Prices

Secretary Hoover is authority for the statement that, although wages in industry are two and a quarter times what they were in 1913, wholesale prices are only one and a half times what they were in that year. In 1920 wages were at 199—the figures for 1913 being put at 100—while commodity prices were 226. In 1924 wages were at 228, and prices at 150. "We have the highest real wages in history," says Mr. Hoover, and he adds that this result is owing to a wide movement for reducing waste and inefficiency in both manufacturing and marketing, and to the effects of prohibition on the productive power of labor.

Getting Involved in a Squabble

In its effort to defend the Monroe Doctrine against threatened interference by the League of Nations the United States has got itself into something of a mess on the west coast of South America. Chile and Peru have been disputing over the title to a strip of land that contains the districts of Tacna and Arica for forty years. In order to forestall the reference of the dispute to the League our government agreed to undertake its settlement, and President Coolidge after due deliberation decreed a plebiscite on the question in the Tacna-Arica region. General Pershing was sent down as a commissioner to supervise the voting. Neither country is any too well pleased with the decision or with the arrangements that have been made for the election. First the Peruvian and then the Chilean commissioners declined to accept any responsibility for the plebiscite. There have been clashes along the border and demonstrations of hostility to the United States in Arica. General Pershing has been patient and conciliatory, but he is not a diplomat by training or inclination, and he does not seem to be smoothing out the irritation of the South Americans. We should have done better to ask Brazil and Argentina to act with us in settling the dispute.



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A slight pressure on the pedals is multiplied into a braking force of 1200 pounds. Imagine, more than half a ton of smooth braking force, if you need it.

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NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., Bristol, Conn.

NEW DEPARTURE

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Principal coffee roasters for three-quarters of a century
BOSTON—CHICAGO—PORTSMOUTH, VA.

The MISCELLANY PAGE

January



The Spelling Match

While Teacher read us words of every size,
We spelled, and those who didn't miss spelled on,
Till Andrew Merriweather took the prize
By guessing, "Parallelepipedon."

Arthur Guiterman

BROWNING'S EYES

IT is usual for a person to have about the same range of vision with each of his eyes; but Robert Browning, the great English poet, was an exception to the rule. One of his eyes was far-sighted, and one was near-sighted.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps in his book on Browning says: "His eyes were peculiar, one having a long focus, the other a very short one. He had the unusual accomplishment of being able to close either eye without squinting and without any apparent effort, though sometimes in the street in strong sunshine his face would be distorted a little. He did all his reading with one eye, closing the other as he sat down at his desk. He never wore glasses and was proud of his microscopic eye. He often wrote minutely to show off his power. When he left the house to go for a walk he shut the short-sighted eye and opened the other one, with which he could see to an immense distance."

In Robert Browning's physical eyes there is a symbol of the spiritual vision which we all need. We need to be able to see that which is near and that which is far. There are those who are so absorbed in that which is near that they are largely blind to life's ideals. They are the so-called "practical people" of the world. Others are such continual stargazers that they do not see where their feet are leading them, and so fall into many a ditch.

Jesus saw both that which was near and that which was far. His feet were on the earth, but his head was in the heavens. Jesus was the world's supreme idealist, but no one else has ever been so genuinely practical as he.

"LET THE BUYER BEWARE!"

THE old Yankee horse-trader was a smooth creature. He usually prided himself on telling the truth—or what was the truth if you knew how to take it. Unfortunately there were usually two ways of taking whatever he said about his animals, and the purchaser was rather more likely than not to take the wrong one.

Down in Maine some years ago, says Whiting in the Boston Herald, a man was before the court in a little matter connected with a transfer of ownership of a horse. The buyer of the horse alleged that he had been swindled in the deal. This, of course, was an astounding attitude for any man to take, but the courts are remorseless, and the question appeared to be one of fact. What had the seller of the horse represented the beast to be? Had he made false claims as to his character and equipment? The horse had proved to be balky. "Didn't you tell my client that this horse would go?" asked the plaintiff's lawyer. "No," said the defendant. "What did you tell him about his going? Something, surely." The defendant smiled gently as he explained:

"What I said was, 'You'd be delighted to see him go.'"

So he was acquitted.

Another old tale concerns a man who bought a horse and, attempting to drive him home, ran into a tree. Investigating, he

found that the horse was blind. Indignant at the trick that had been played on him, he turned about and carefully guided the horse back to the dealer's home. There he confronted the man who had made the sale. "Say, you!" he said. "Why didn't you tell me this horse was blind?" The horse trader smiled pleasantly and made reply:

"Wal, you see you didn't ask me whether he was blind or not, and I didn't feel as if I ought to mention it, long as you hadn't precisely asked me, 'cause the man I bought him from didn't tell me, and so I sort of thought it was kind of a secret."

GOOD SENSE THEN AND NOW

THE death by burning of little children who are wearing light cotton clothing is a tragedy that occurs far too frequently. The Companion has more than once urged parents to take every possible precaution against it. The first time it did so was back in 1827, the very year the paper was first published. Probably such accidents were still more common then when open fires and candles had not given place to furnaces and electric lights. This was the advice The Companion gave then; it is equally good today:

Children, when their clothes take fire, naturally scream and try to run away from the flame; this, by exposing it to the air, only makes it burn more rapidly and endangers their lives. Instead of doing so, when they find their clothes on fire they should immediately fall on the floor and roll over, or cover themselves with a carpet or rug or blanket or other woolen cloth (or

any other person present might do it for them). This would smother the fire and perhaps save life.

Parents, if they would avoid such accidents, should dress their children in woolen garments with silk ties or aprons.

NANTUCKETERS CAN TELL THEM, TOO

I SPENT last summer at Nantucket, writes a Companion reader, and one day I went to one of the wharves to hire a sail boat and overheard an old Nantucket skipper, who was mending his nets, discussing the rainfall of the night before with one of the summer guests.

"That was a terrible storm we had last night," said the visitor. "I never saw so much rain fall in so short a time."

"Yes, there was quite a bit o' rain fell las' night," replied the skipper. "But, if yew want to see some rain, yew should go to the Amazon. Ten years ago I shipped with a tramp steamer and down near the Amazon there was so much rain fell one evenin' that yew could drink the fresh water off the top of the ocean!"

A PREHISTORIC MIDDLE WESTERNER

AMONG the interesting relics that the excavators of the great mounds in the Mississippi basin have uncovered is this face carved on a small rounded glacial boulder. The work is comparatively crude, yet it shows some familiarity with the use of carving tools and some power of reproducing the



The earliest attempt at sculpture in America

human features recognizably. Certainly none of the Indian tribes that roved the river valleys of the Middle West when the white men first penetrated them had the technical skill to produce this frowning piece of sculpture. It gives additional support to the theory that the Mound Builders were offshoots of the Maya or Toltec people of Mexico and Central America.

HUNDRED PER CENT AMERICAN, BUT—

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, in a letter quoted by her sister, Nora Archibald Smith, in a recent volume of reminiscences, drew an amusing picture of some of her fellow countrymen abroad, of a type neither appreciative, nor likely to be appreciated, in foreign lands. There was the couple she observed on board a steamer on one of the Swiss lakes during a driving storm. Everybody was huddled disconsolately in the main cabin, thinking how beautiful it would have been if only the sun had shone and they could have been on deck. The wife, near a porthole, was industriously reading Baedeker.

"George," she said, "there is a ruined castle here, somewhere on one bank or other of this lake, and I can't find it."

George aroused himself from lethargic misery sufficiently to ejaculate: "Don't tell me if you do. If I should see another ruined castle, I couldn't eat my dinner!"

Pictures, not castles, were the bane of another long-suffering American husband. Husband and wife were "doing" a picture gallery in Brussels, catalogue in hand, when he was overheard saying: "See here! 'Dutch School,' 'Flemish School.' I don't see no school! Now, I've had 'bout enough of this! I'll set down on one of these round lounges and wait while you look at the pictures. Don't mind me, but take it all in, pet! That's what we're here for."

A trifle less complainant, though still not in open rebellion, was yet another homesick soul, whose affliction at the moment was neither art nor history nor architecture, but manners: the kind of manners his wife deemed proper for Continental travel, but which were evidently, poor man, not such as he was accustomed to enjoy unworried in the land of liberty. They were on the deck of the steamer by which Kate Douglas Wiggin was going from Interlaken to Bern.

"There was a canvas canopy over us," she wrote, "but it was drizzling drearily. They had a little tray with coffee and rolls on the chair in front of them. He attempted to drink out of his saucer. She withered him with a glance and poured his coffee back into his cup. Frustrated in this, he stirred his coffee cheerfully, and then, putting his thumb and finger round the spoon, took up the cup with the spoon in it and drank. When he set it down the wife took the spoon out and set it down hard in the saucer. When he drank again he took the spoon, stirred the coffee composedly, and went through the same programme. So did the wife. I declare,



Chinese pictures hammered out of iron

TANG, A FORGER OF IRON

CHINA is hardly a land of opportunity. There a son must follow in the steps of his father just as the father has done before him. A youth must work with the tools of the family so that, when a man, he may be able to grasp from the crowded land enough for scant food, clothing and shelter. But before dreams coupled with ambition the lack of opportunity counts for little. Listen to the story of Tang Tienchih, which glows like a jewel in the annals of men.

In the year 1644 Tang was born in the village of Wuhu. His father was an iron forger, and the boy, as soon as he was able to handle a tool, was set to work at the trade. In a blackened, dreary shop on the narrow, dingy street he was set to fashion locks, tools, plow-points, on a primitive anvil, after the patterns of his forefathers.

But Wuhu looked out upon the mountains. Not far from the ugly crowded street ran silver streams that came from the snows. Along their edges grew the wild water lily, the cherry, the bamboo. Tang thrilled to the beauty about him. Loveliness called to him. Even the din of the forges could not drown its voice.

When the street was deserted at night the blackened walls of his shop were lit by the fire of the forge. When the tools of the other iron-workers were still, the tools of Tang

were hammering out of the coarse lumps of metal things that are today among the art treasures of the world.

Tang first fashioned flowers; a single bough of a cherry tree in bloom or a slender, graceful spray of the bamboo. Next he tried bowls, beautiful in design, from which drooped bunches of the showy chrysanthemums or a single wild lily surrounded by its spear-like leaves.

As his touch became more skilled, Tang depicted the life and scenery of his village. He beat slender pieces out of the iron and curved them to suggest the distant mountains. He made threadlike ones for the banks of the streams, the curving bridges and the quaint temples. He fashioned flowers and dwarf trees with their spreading branches piece by piece, all exquisitely designed and proportioned. And he assembled the delicate pieces into one whole by means of small prongs, by which he attached each to a background of cloth.

The four screens called The Seasons are the finest of his works. They show the life of a Chinese village at the four seasons, each scene having below it the flower in bloom at that time. Against a background of tan silk they are all the more charming for their plainness and purity of line.

And now these screens are in America.

if he hadn't taken the cup in three gulps, she would have taken the spoon and beaten him with it.

"Presently he turned to me with, 'Ain't you an American? I thought so! Well, I'd rather be a lamp-post in Philadelphia than the Emperor of Austria!'"

A QUILTED RECORD

ONE of the present generation would scarcely know what is meant by a "friendship quilt," yet three quarters of a century ago they were much in vogue. Each neighbor and friend, after the pattern had been chosen, pieced together a block of calico, percale or fancy woolsens, as the case might be. Then on a certain day all met at one of the homes, where first each donor autographed her block in indelible ink, and then the blocks were united and the quilt was lined and stuffed. Thereafter the happy possessor might sleep peacefully beneath the names of all of her friends.

These quilts were often greatly cherished and seldom used. Not a few, no doubt, survive to the present day. One such survivor recently served a curious purpose. Mr. Roe L. Hendrick, thus tells the story:

One afternoon last week a very pleasant middle-aged couple from St. Paul, Minnesota, drove up to our front door, introduced themselves and asked if my wife's grandmother had not been Mrs. Mary B., of the town of Lorraine, New York. When I told them she was, they made known their errand.

The man's name was Moscrip. He had returned to his childhood home with the pious purpose of erecting a tombstone and suitable headstones in the little family burying ground, long overgrown with weeds. The plot had been cleared and the stones ordered, when he discovered that he could not recall his grandmother's given name.

"It was a queer one," he explained, "an awfully queer one—in fact, queer ones were the fashion up in the old North Country in

those days. It began with 'A,' but I can't for the life of me figure out what it was. Of course, father or mother would know, but they're both dead, and so are all of my uncles and aunts. Finally I heard of several friendship quilts grandmother had signed, and I've been trying to trace them. Most of them are worn out, I guess, but Mrs. S., over in Adams, thought you might have your grandmother's yet."

He had driven seventy-five miles on a hot day on this barest of possibilities.

My wife knitted her brows and thought hard. "Maybe," she finally said and disappeared in the direction of the garret. At the end of a quarter of an hour she returned with a folded quilt that she had found near the bottom of an old chest. It had sixty particular blocks, each with a white centre bearing a faded name. After a little search we found the name—"Atheldana Moscrip."

It was undoubtedly a queer name, or, at least, an unusual one, and the grandson was excusable for having forgotten it. But it at least was equally queer that probably no record of the long-dead woman's name existed on earth except on the "friendship quilt" given to a bride in January, 1854, for the date also was written on each of the corner blocks.

HE FORGOT TO SECURE HIS VICTORY

THE mother was getting her small son ready for school when she noticed a lump on his head.

"Freddy!" she said sternly. "Have you been fighting again?"

"Fightin'," he echoed, "not me."

"But somebody struck you?" said his mother.

"Nobody struck me," he answered stoutly; "I wasn't fightin' at all. It was an accident."

"An accident?"

"Yes," he replied; "I was sitting on Tommy Jones, and I forgot to hold his feet."

Nuts & Crack

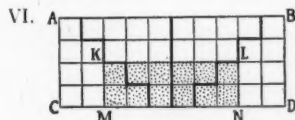
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

I. Prime, blow; Fine, bowl.

II. Y-ear—N-ear—D-ear—F-ear—H-ear.

IV. Mouse-trap.

V. For-tune.

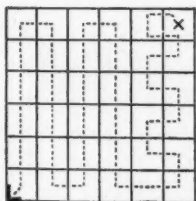


VIII. R
DOS
VESTA
DECEASE
ROSEAPPLE
STAPLES
ASPEN
ELS
E

X. P-overt-y.

XI. Caution—
auction.

XII. The line ...
marks the
course you
take.



NEW PUZZLES

XIII. HALF SQUARE

1. A comrade. 2. A superior lord. 3. To effect a reconciliation or agreement. 4. A monarch. 5. An exclamation expressing sorrow. 6. Observation. 7. Anger. 8. An alleged force or natural power. 9. A letter.

XIV. CHARADE

(Example: ONE, wind; TWO, fall; TOTAL, windfall.)

I rounded a TWO out of the ONE, And at Jim let the TOTAL fly.

It sped on its way; the deed was done, For it had struck Jim right in the eye.

XV. STAR PUZZLE

- F-to-1—A musical instrument
- F-to-2—A boy's name
- F-to-3—Silliness
- F-to-4—A myth
- 5-to-F—A leader
- 6-to-F—A stick
- 7-to-F—Rude
- 8-to-F—Short



XVI. A WORD SQUARE

1. A hammer. 2. Unwilling. 3. To strive against. 4. A three-legged stand. 5. One of a sort of brotherhood among the Jews. 6. A size of paper.

XVII. DOUBLE SQUARE

(Answer reads down and across differently)

- Across: 1. Plural of TAPE-TUM. 2. Faintly blue gaseous substances obtained by the silent discharge of electricity in air. 3. Dull-red marbles with blue and white markings, from Belgium. 4. A salt or ester of oleic acid. 5. Comprehends. 6. Ones that eat. Down: 1. Bulging, as with muscles. 2. Any plant of the genus Azalea. 3. Western. 4. Variant spelling of INCASE. 5. To seesaw. 6. To tax.

THE CONTEST IS ON

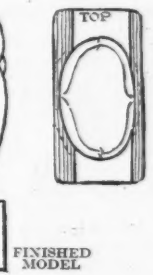
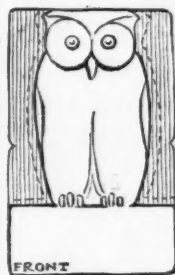
Here are some of the answers to last week's puzzles. The rest will come next week with the answers to the new ones; so get your set off straightway. One more week of puzzles and then comes the prize—fifteen dollars for the nearest set of correct answers. Address

The Puzzle Editor
The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

A chance to learn soap carving!

PROBABLY you have never thought of soap as something to carve. But if you try the lessons which Miss Postgate, winner of the \$150 Procter & Gamble prize in the 1924 Soap Sculpture competition, is starting here this week—we think you will find that soap carving is good fun.

It costs practically nothing to carve in Ivory Soap. Your mother can use all your chips and shavings for the dishes or laundry, and you can use your models in the bathroom.



Ivory Soap Sculpture

LESSON No. 1—By Margaret J. Postgate

First we must assemble our simple tools:

- 1 pen-knife or paring knife.
- 1 orange stick which has one blade and one pointed end. (Wooden tool. Fig. A.)
- 1 orange stick with hairpin bent square (Fig. B), and tied to orange stick (Fig. C). Hairpin should be filed to a sharp knife edge. (Wire tool.)

Cake of Ivory Soap—laundry size preferably.



WE have chosen an owl for our first problem. First, hold your Ivory cake upright and with point of wooden tool draw owl carefully on the soap, first on front and back, then on top and sides.

Then start to cut away soap on sides up to dotted lines. This done, proceed slowly with blade end of

wooden tool, or with wire tool, trying to get a rounded surface. When you are satisfied with the general form, use blade end of wooden tool for wings, bill and circles around the eyes. Use pointed end for eyes and claws.

Do not work too long on any one side of your model, or you are likely to cut away too much soap. Keep turning it. . . . Don't get discouraged if you seem awkward at first—keep on trying.

Watch for the next lesson

IMPORTANT: Work over a box lid or tray so that you save all your chips and shavings for your mother. Use discarded models for your face, hands and bath. You will like the cheery, tingly, clean feeling that comes from an Ivory bath and a good brisk rub every day.

PROCTER & GAMBLE
Cincinnati, Ohio

IVORY SOAP

99¹¹/₁₀₀ Pure—It Floats

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Knock 'em out!

COUGHS and colds and sore throats! No need to have 'em—good old Smith Brothers Cough Drops not only help cure them, but also help keep them away.

Taste just like candy. A big nickel's worth!



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CHAMPION GIANT RUNTS—Birds Weigh from 1½ to 3 lbs. each. Send No Money. I ship you mated breeders for \$10.00 per pair. Upon receiving, pay the express man, if satisfied; if not, send them back at once. I furnish you bonafide contract signed by me before notary public, agreeing to buy all the young you raise, at \$4.00 per pair when eight weeks old. A money making and a clean dignified business! For references, write the Reinbeck State Bank or Post Office. Write for your breeding stock now. KENNETH BOWER, Reinbeck, Iowa.

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new, milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for babies and small children.

At night, when awakened by the warning, croupy cough, rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



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FACIAL ERUPTIONS
unsightly and annoying—improved by one application of

Resinol

Confidence in Smith Bonds is World Wide



Select these
time-tested
investments
for your
January funds

Now 53 YEARS of Proven Safety

THE F. H. Smith Company, founded in January 1873, has now completed 53 years of continuous service in the field of first mortgage investments without loss to any investor. This means that throughout more than half a century the men and women who have put their money into the first mortgage investments sold by this house have known but one result—perfect safety.

Behind Smith Bonds there is now a record of no loss to any investor in 53 years.

Smith Bonds are owned by investors in every state in the United States and in 30 countries and territories abroad. This world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds is the result of 53 years of proven safety—53 years in which every cent of principal or interest has been paid promptly on the date due; 53 years of freedom from worry, delay or loss to any investor.

Smith Bonds, therefore, are safe bonds. They are the ideal investment for any man or woman whose first consideration is safety.

For your January funds, Smith Bonds give you this proven safety of 53 years with the liberal interest rate of 7%. You may invest any amount in \$1,000, \$500 or \$100 denominations, and you have a choice of maturities from two years to ten years. Our new booklet, "Fifty-three Years of Proven Safety," and the 1926 edition of our Investment Savings Plan booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," will be mailed to you upon receipt of your name and address on the form below.

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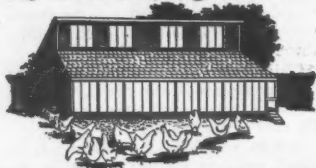
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Address.....

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Book Covers of Cretonne

By CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER



Model A

GET out some of those cretonne scraps you've been wondering what you could do with and make some stunning covers for the family books. It's easy, and you'll be surprised at how effective they are. Besides, you can sell them. At least, sometimes you can. And they make good contributions to bazaars and very welcome holiday and shower gifts. They protect your own books and those you lend; even a telephone book looks cheerful with such a cover. The austere, stiff-paper back says, "Don't soil me!" The gay-hued cretonne cover says, "Come read me!" Only of course no one wants to read the telephone book.

There are two very easy ways of making these cretonne jackets. First is the pocket type (Model A). Cut a strip of cretonne (placing the motif, if there is one, in the centre of the front cover) about eight inches (or whatever is the width of one cover) longer and two inches wider than the book to be covered. Turn three-eighths-inch hems all round and baste them. Hem the short ends. Lay the book on the strip and fold the ends up over the edges, folding equally for front and back covers. The material should cover about half the inside of the book covers, forming pockets into which the stiff covers are to be slipped. Secure these, take out the book and overcast the edges to make the sides of the pockets. Hem the turned material at top and bottom between pockets; it is not necessary to hem the entire length of the long sides, but if you wish to do it it must be done when the short sides are hemmed, before the pockets are turned up.

The second type of cover is the envelope (Model B). Allow three inches of material all round outside the measurements of the book. Cut the top and bottom edges to a point, the sides to angles that meet the sides of the points. It is impossible to give exact measurements because they vary with the size of the book, and sometimes it is advisable to allow even more than three extra inches for sides and points, especially when you are covering large books. For novel-size books three to three and one-half inches are enough. Face the edges of the cover all round, but do not bind. Binding is too bulky unless you use a thin silk binding. Bias fold makes a satisfactory facing. If you like, you can add half an inch to your extra material allowance and turn three-eighths-inch hems instead of facing. Loops, such as come on cards of hooks and eyes,

are sewed at each side of each corner, and cords drawn through them tie the cover together. These covers can be opened flat and laundered easily.

There is another way to make the envelope type of cover. Lay the book on the cloth and fold over first the top and bottom edges, then the sides. Slash the fabric to the edges of the back binding. Next, make a diagonal fold at each corner, so that the edges of top and bottom meet the edge of the side. Turn in the inside corners diagonally, and bind or face or hem all round the raw edges. Turn in the slashed section at the back, cutting off surplus material, and hem down. That method does not allow the cover to be opened up. Stiff paper covers are usually made that way and the folds pasted down. It is a good plan to allow less material for the envelope flaps, as too deep flaps make it difficult to slip the book in and out.

Bookmarks are easy to make and sew to the top of the back of the jacket. Beads strung on a cord that is crocheted of slip stitches worked into a chain harmonize with Model B. A one-inch strip of self-material, seamed, turned and gathered at the lower

Model C



end appears on Model A, with a wrapped-and-tied tassel of crochet cotton attached. To make the tassel, wind No. 30 cotton twenty-five times round a two-inch piece of cardboard, tie through loops at the top, slip off the cardboard, wrap to form a head, and trim loops at the bottom. Model C has a ball of stuffed cretonne sewed to a length of black bébé ribbon for a marker.

Model C shows what can be done with a motif cretonne if you have not enough for a whole cover. Cut out a motif and apply it carefully to a black sateen cover. If you are lazy, you can do the appliqué by just gluing it on; but for a really rich effect blanket-stitch the edges of the appliqué with black thread. Use a small motif on the back of the cover.

Contests!

THE contest on How I Made My Christmas Money is over. I wish you all good luck but I know that's one of the wishes that can't come true, so I'm starting another contest right away. I will pay five dollars for the best letter of not more than 500 words on "What My Hobby Is and Why I Have It." The letters must be in by January 21. I will pay one dollar apiece for any other letters that we publish. No letter will be returned. Address your letters to

Hayes Query

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston.

And send your picture if you have one.



Model B

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION Announces

*Its New Department of Fashions
for the Young Girl*

THE only one of its kind in any magazine of general circulation. Such a department is badly needed, because the problem of dressing the young, growing girl is one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most fascinating, that the world of fashion faces.

I have persuaded three girls in their teens, distinctly different types, to let me dress them in proper, attractive, good-looking clothes and take their pictures for you to see and use in working out your own problems. You already know the girls: the petite blonde, Suzanne, who goes to boarding school; the brunette, Betty, a Golden Eaglet Girl Scout; the tall, smart girl, Adelaide, who has an advertising position. The clothes they wear come from William Filene's Sons Company, Boston. Every week we will tell you all about them—size, colors, cost, everything—so that you can order

directly for yourself any that appeal to you.

From time to time I am going to show you some dresses that young girls have made themselves and just how they did it. In February I shall show you how Betty primped up her 1925 spring costume here and there until it looked for all the world like 1926. Isn't it wonderful what a smart little touch or two will do? And I'm going to help you get that extra smart touch that does so much to make old frocks look like new and that draws the line between the poorly-dressed and the well-dressed girl.

And more too: I am going to help you decide what your particular style is, whether you should wear soft, fluffy clothes or sport clothes or smart street clothes, whether blue or pink is your color, and, in short, how to dress to look your best, and so to be a joy forever.

Hazel Gray.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.



ADELAIDE

Just the thing to wear to the office. A two-piece imported jersey dress with kick pleats, decorated with bands of crêpe de chine. It costs \$35 and comes in rose, green and blue. The blouse and skirt are separate and may be worn with other blouses and skirts. Adelaide wears a tan, one-strap shoe with low heel that costs \$10. The silk-and-wool hose are \$2.25. Aren't they good looking?

Costumes from
WM. FILENE'S SONS
COMPANY
Boston



ADELAIDE

Adelaide says she's simply going to live in this. A Gigolo felt hat in bois de rose trimmed with velvet comes for \$15. And just think! It's a copy of a French imported model



SUZANNE

Blue georgette dancing frock over a slip of flesh crêpe de chine, for the junior miss. Suzanne is going to wear it to the junior party at Sherman Hall. It comes in pink over flesh, besides the blue, for \$19.75. Suzanne paid \$10 for the slippers. She says that it shrank her pocketbook a bit, but still they had rhinestone buckles and were worth it.

SUZANNE

Isn't this an attractive crêpe de chine dress for the junior miss? Suzanne says that everybody in school will be wanting to borrow it this spring. And shhh! It's only \$16.50. The hat is \$8.50, made at Filene's exclusively. It comes in all colors. The white kid shoes are trimmed with alligator and cost \$10. Suzanne says in a pinch she could do without the shoes, but she simply could not get along without the dress.

Do you have any trouble making your wardrobe fit into your allowance? Write and tell me about it. I will help you.—H. G.



BETTY

Bois de rose crêpe de chine afternoon frock. Isn't this a darling dress with straight lines and long sleeves to make it stylish and tucks to dress it up and give it fullness? It is trimmed with bands of deeper rose velvet. You can get it in all wanted pastel shades for \$13.50. The beige, one-strap kid shoe for \$8.50 completes the costume.

Photographs by
HOYLE STUDIO
Boston



THE Y. C. LAB

The Society for Ingenious Boys

TESTS AND RESEARCHES

In the first announcement of the institution of the Y. C. Lab, in *The Youth's Companion* for November 19, 1925, it was said that the motto of the Society is brief and simple: "Test Everything Out." This applies not only to the projects issued by the Y. C. Lab—all of which have been built by boys before they are printed here—but also to tests of manufactured articles. These tests are conducted, in part, in the branch lab at Wollaston, Mass. Where technical tests must be made, requiring elaborate apparatus, they are available through the Division of Industrial Cooperation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also through such Councilors of the Y. C. Lab as Dr. Marion Eppley and the Messrs. Arthur L. Townsend, Louis H. Young and F. Alexander Magoun.

Mr. Young's report on the six golf balls shown on this page says in part: "The cheaper grades of golf balls have a comparatively small core of gutta-percha of relatively high specific gravity. The specific gravity of the ball is 1.24, and for the cheaper grades the core has a specific gravity of 3.1. Of course, if the core had the same specific gravity as the whole ball, no difficulty would result in the core being off center. However, such a marked difference in specific gravity between core and ball would make accurate play an impossibility if the core were not central.

"The higher grade of ball has a core specific gravity of 2.0, and for the whole ball of 1.24. Since these two values are not so widely different as in the cheaper grades the bad result of cores off center will not be so great. The cores of the higher grades are much more nearly round than of the cheaper and are slightly larger. All grades of balls show an extremely uniform outside diameter. No basis of comparison can be made by this measurement. Prices and weights of the six balls tested are:

Ball	Price	Weight
No. 1	\$.75	1.267 oz.
No. 2	.75	1.294 "
No. 3	.75	1.294 "
No. 4	.75	1.282 "
No. 5	1.00	1.277 "
No. 6	1.00	1.280 "

"Similar tests, including analysis of windings, are being made of well-known baseballs for later publication as part of the Proceedings of the Y. C. Lab."

LOUIS H. YOUNG

PROCEEDINGS OF THE WOLLASTON LAB

November 24:

Work went much better today. The lamp progressed; the brass work is already done on it, and it looks like a lamp now. This job is the making of an electric lamp from a vase, old or otherwise. Put a top on the photographic dark room and finished the long shelf for the inside of it.

Made a nice little tray—a tray for pencils. This job is wholly psychological. We can lose as many pencils per day as can be placed in the Lab. So I figured if the boys made—actually made—a pencil tray, it might lead them to put back the pencils in it. It may work.

And the big oak table top! We turned it over—and it held. Began the arduous task of smoothing it down. It looks nice.

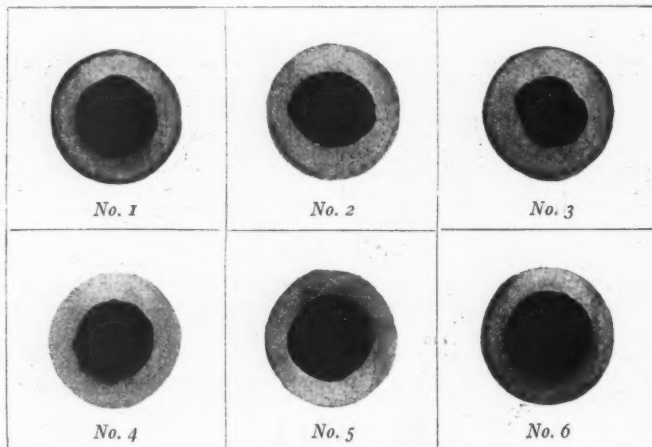
November 25:

The temperature of late in the interior of the Lab has been suggestive of the North Pole; so we must add a little stove to our equipment.

November 27:

Worked on the table all day—and it began to take shape; really began to look like something. Made the legs, the two cross-bars for the ends, and the feet. This we finished as we went along, scraping and sandpapering. The long bar connecting the two cross-bars at the ends had to be made from two pieces, as the mill didn't send one long enough. We doweled it, and later we'll add a fancy joint in the middle.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY



Why Is Your Golf Erratic?

Most men and boys would like to know why they hook and slice and miss easy putts. Here is one reason that you may never have thought of, due to insufficient knowledge of the ball you play with. Mr. Arthur L. Townsend, instructor in mechanical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, called on the Director of the Y. C. Lab a few weeks ago.

"Have you ever noticed," he asked, "how professional golfers will sometimes go to a quiet place, in the back of the shop, with a handful of balls they are going to play with, and spin them between needle points? This is a crude test of balance, but it might lead to something if you had the balls X-rayed."

From this hint developed some decidedly interesting tests of golf balls. Mr. Louis H. Young took six balls of different makes, bought in Boston's best sporting-goods stores, and had them carefully weighed and X-rayed in the M. I. T. laboratories. The dark center in each picture is the core of the ball.

Mr. Young's report is in the adjoining column. Pending further tests now in progress it is not fair to name each of these six balls. No. 6, apparently the best-balanced ball tested so far, is an English Dunlop. In an early issue will appear a similar test of well-known baseballs.

Y. C. LAB PROJECT NO. 4

A Vase Can Become a Lamp

Nearly any vase around your house can be made into an attractive lamp. Cut a circle out of 1/16-inch-gaugesheet brass to fit the mouth of the vase. In its center drill a hole to take the fitting to carry the plug; these small brass fittings are obtainable in any hardware store. To keep this brass top-plate in place, solder two brass strips to its under side; the photograph below shows



Clifford O'Connell of Wollaston wins the sixth Weekly Award of \$5 for This Lamp



how these are put on, and how they are bent to grip the inside of the vase. Make them of the same stock as the top. Now drill another hole in the top, through which to feed the wire to the connection; this eliminates drilling the bottom of the vase.

Make or buy the shade frame. You can make it of tinned wire; this job seems difficult, but it requires only persistence (if it falls apart) and a little care. The trick in soldering is to get the wire hot and to run the solder until it is shiny.



PRESIDENT ELIOT'S ADVICE

FROM A Late Harvest by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, we quote these lines:

"Those games and sports are always to be preferred which cultivate the accurate use of eye, ear and hand. . . . At school this training would be amply given through nature study, manual training and the laboratory teaching of the sciences. Any skill of eye and hand which a boy may acquire will be useful to him all his life, even if he follow no mechanical trade. In these days of high wages in the building trades it is important for every man who must earn his living and wishes to own his house to be able himself to do many things instead of hiring other men to do them, else he will not be able to keep his house in good repair."

Quite recently the eight-year-old son of the Director of the Y. C. Lab was given by his aunt an interesting little outfit called "The Boy Toy-maker—Materials, Tools and Instructions for Making Many Wooden Toys and Novelties."

"Will it work?" asked the boy. "Well," answered his father, "suppose we send it to Councilor Shumway at Wollaston, and see what his boys can do with it."

From Mr. Shumway, in due time, came this report:



"An interesting and instructive little outfit for a boy old enough to begin using tools, also for one even older. It teaches the fine use of a jig saw, which every boy ought to master. It also teaches something of drawing. Then again, the boy will be inspired to add something of his own—to design some other animal or object drawn free-hand. These little models, in the hands of a boy with a flair for painting, can be made quite attractive.

"As a criticism of the outfit, I find the bradawl is too wide; it drills a hole so large that the smaller cotter pin falls through, and the larger ones don't hold the parts tightly enough. I would suggest a smaller awl. . . . The use of cigar-box wood, as suggested, is all right with one exception: the crayons wouldn't work on such dark wood as cedar. What can be done with cigar-box wood (which is very nice wood to use with a jig saw) is to paint a coat of flat white and allow it to dry. Then trace the model with carbon paper, and finish with crayon. Or, better still, paint in black outline and colors.

"Of course the colors would have to be something in the nature of enamel. These enamels come in small cans; the five- and ten-cent stores carry them. The rabbit, for instance, would take only two colors, black and orange, or deep yellow for the carrot. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. That's an old motto, but it means more today than ever before, in this age of hurry and slam-bang. I urge the use of this toy-maker as indicated, and I'm sure the boys, and girls too, will derive much pleasure and a valuable training in designing."

MEMBERSHIPS

WEAR the handsome bronze button of the Y. C. Lab, with its red ribbon from the bottom to the edge of your lapel. It stands for something that will help you all your life. Read those words of President Eliot again.

To save space on this page we have printed the Qualifications for Membership in letter form; they will be sent you on request, if you are a boy of eighteen or less, interested in making things, and in making money, too.

All questions, applications for membership and other correspondence should be addressed to The Director of the Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

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Things We Talk About

IT IS WORTH WHILE, as The Youth's Companion turns into its Hundredth Year, to reprint the original prospectus written for Volume 1, Number 1, by Nathaniel Willis, the founder. You can imagine the look in his eyes—and in the eyes, too, of his partner, Asa Rand—as he wrote this ringing statement:

"The editors of the Boston Recorder propose to publish a paper for the special use of Children and Youth, entitled *Youth's Companion*. We have several reasons for making this proposal. We could about half-fill the Recorder with interesting selections, adapted to our juvenile readers, from the various publications which we receive and peruse. Many of these are too valuable to be thrown by and circulated no more. . . . They might be collected out of other publications and placed together, before the eye of the youthful reader. Another reason is that the capacities of children, and the peculiar situation and duties of youth, require select and appropriate reading. And while adults have various periodical publications, which they consider highly valuable, the younger part of the community seem to require that the same means be prepared for their gratification and improvement.

"If we add one reason more, the propriety of the step we have taken will be apparent. This is a day of peculiar care for youth. Christians feel that their children must be trained up for Christ. Patriots and philanthropists are making rapid improvements in every branch of education. Literature, science, liberty and religion are extending in the earth. The human mind is becoming emancipated from the bondage of ignorance and superstition. Our children are born to higher destinies than their fathers; they will be actors in a far-advanced period of the church and the world. Let their minds be formed, their hearts prepared and their characters moulded for the scenes and the duties of a brighter day.

"The contents of the proposed work will be miscellaneous. . . . It will not take the form of discussion or argument, and controversy will be entirely excluded. It will aim to inculcate truth by brief narratives, familiar illustrations, short biographies and amusing anecdotes. It will attempt to excite attention to good things by entertaining matter; and yet everything frivolous or injurious will be avoided. Its several departments will comprise religion, morals, manners, habits, filial duties, books, amusements, schools and whatever may be thought truly useful either in this life or the life to come.

"This publication, so far as we know, is of a new kind."

NATHANIEL WILLIS died in Boston at an advanced age. From him The Youth's Companion descended to Daniel S. Ford and John W. Olmstead. Mr. Ford soon became sole owner and editor-in-chief and remained so until his death in 1899. Under Mr. Ford, The Youth's Companion flourished. He took the paper when its circulation was less than five thousand; he lived to see it more than five hundred thousand. The contributors whom he invited to its pages included Gladstone, Huxley, Tyndall, Hardy, Froude and Rudyard Kipling, together with

Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Francis Parkman, William Dean Howells, Julia Ward Howe and a host of others whose names alone would fill this column. To such writers as Jack London, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Grace S. Richmond, Ray Stannard Baker, Robert Frost and Samuel Merwin, who have since won enduring reputations in various fields of writing, The Youth's Companion gave support and comfort in their formative years. "It seems very pleasant," writes Mrs. Richmond, "to have a bit of correspondence again with the distinguished old paper which was such a friend in the days when I was first trying to learn to write. I am still trying!" With what success, readers of her delightful Red Pepper Burns stories well understand.

EVERY THURSDAY, in towns all over America, the arrival of The Youth's Companion was eagerly awaited by boys and girls who are now leaders of the nation. Their letters, on the occasion of this Hundredth Birthday, flood the mails. Many of them will be printed this year. A boy in Marietta, Ohio, used to watch for the postman each week, trying to beat three active brothers and two energetic sisters to The Youth's Companion. He did not always win. "We were not only diligent and interested readers to The Youth's Companion," he remarks in a statement that will soon be printed in full, "but we were active canvassers for subscriptions to it as well. I shall never forget the thrill with which I lighted the alcohol lamp under the little copper boiler of a steam engine awarded me for getting new readers." This boy is now Vice-President of the United States.

And from people in private life come letters—more of them during last December than ever before in The Youth's Companion's history—containing friendly expressions which fairly cry to be printed. "I was sitting in a street car in Washington, D. C.," writes a Virginia lawyer, "when a lady across the aisle from me asked my assistance in a banking matter. As she thanked me, she said she had appealed to me, a total stranger, because she knew I must be a good man—I had a copy of The Youth's Companion sticking out of my pocket!" And from a doctor in Olean, N. Y.: "The Companion was a good friend to me as a lad. When I studied medicine I had no extra money for it, but I renewed my subscription soon after being in practice, as I felt there was something missing in my life without it. Your paper—or, more correctly, our paper—stands for the old ideals, for God and right living. I trust that boys and girls will get out of it as much as I have during my life."

BEST OF ALL, PERHAPS, are the hundreds of letters that contain sentences like this: "Inclosed please find renewal of subscription for my son, Alfred. I was a subscriber for a number of years, beginning forty-eight years ago. My boy is following in his father's steps."

But this Hundredth Anniversary cannot be compressed into one celebration. Every issue of The Youth's Companion during 1926 will contain some fitting reminiscences of its useful past, and some special features that befit its interesting future.

FOR INSTANCE, ON PAGE 4 OF THIS ISSUE you find a story by that greatest of living American writers about the sea and its people, James B. Connolly. He has not only written fine stories, but he has lived a fine and many sided life, as surveyor, soldier, seaman, author and athlete. He was the winner of the first event in the first revival of the Olympic Games since antiquity. Upon his broad shoulders rests, in a measure, the mantle of Pheidippides. The writer's crown is traditionally of laurel, and the Olympic winner's crown of wild olive. Jim Connolly has earned both.

JOHN PAUL JONES was another seaman, and his recent election to our American Hall of Fame was only giving our most unbeatable sea-fighter his due. He was the first American commander to hoist our flag at sea. And if Paul Hollister seems to have laid unfair stress on his unpretentious name of Jones (in the poem on page 7), it is only proper to add that the great fighter chose this plain name for himself and made it immortal by his deeds. Few people know that he wrote poems for fun. He said he wasn't meant to be a sailor; but if he had stuck to poetry and worked at it as hard as he did at his profession, what an addition he would have been to our literature!

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Children's Corner

WILLIE WINDY WEE

By May Justus

WHEN you are walking out some day,
a sudden floppy flop
Will send your hat a-dancing like a dizzy,
whizzy top.
Look all around you as you will nobody you will see,
And then you'll know the trick was done by
Willie Windy Wee.

Out in the apple orchard, where the trees are big and tall,
While you are watching, waiting for some mellow
fruit to fall,
Ker-thud! Then at your feet will lie the biggest from a tree.
And who has thrown it down to you?
Willie Windy Wee.

Some day when you are moping in a corner by yourself
You'll hear outside a clear, sweet call, the
whistle of an elf;
Then you must hurry up and out as happy as can be,
For some one's waiting for you, and it's
Willie Windy Wee.

HOW THE PEACOCK GOT SPOTS ON ITS TAIL

By Lockwood Barr

TWILIGHT—an old formal garden—walks of velvet sod—beds of roses—borders of iris, delphinium, gaillardia, coreopsis, lupin, peonies—a stone bench—Grecian urns—a sun dial—a hedge of close-cropped box.

The regal peacock and the formal garden have been inseparable in the song and verse of wandering minstrels since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. King Solomon was the first importer of these rare fowls, and it is related in the ninth chapter of the Second Chronicles that "every three years once came the ships of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks. And King Solomon passed all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom." So mention a garden and the mind leaps ahead of the words, conjuring up a picture of stately, strutting peacocks with tall tails held high, spreading as a fan. On the tail feathers are iridescent spots, like drops of oil on water. How the peacock got those spots is a lovely bit of whimsical fancy.

The imperial peacock was sacred to Juno, wife of Jupiter, who kept her peacocks in the palace gardens on Mount Olympus.

A fair daughter of mortals, named Io, attracted the great Jupiter. To hide her from his jealous wife, he turned Io into a beautiful heifer calf and told Juno that it was a new creature from the earth. She, the queen, begged that the calf be given



to her. What could the king do? Juno suspected that this heifer was just another of Jupiter's many subterfuges; so she placed her in the care of old Argus, who had one hundred eyes, each of a different hue.

Jupiter, after many attempts to free Io, decided to kill Argus, which might be done only if he slept. And Argus never slept. The fleet-footed Mercury, messenger of the gods, cunning as he was and swift, was sent to Argus disguised as a wandering shepherd. Singing ballads, Mercury put to sleep all the hundred eyes of Argus and slew him. Restoring Io to human form, he sent her home.

Juno, enraged that Argus should have betrayed her trust and allowed anyone to kill him, cut off his head and scattered his hundred eyes of rainbow hues on the tails of her pet peacocks. There they remain, even unto this day.

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